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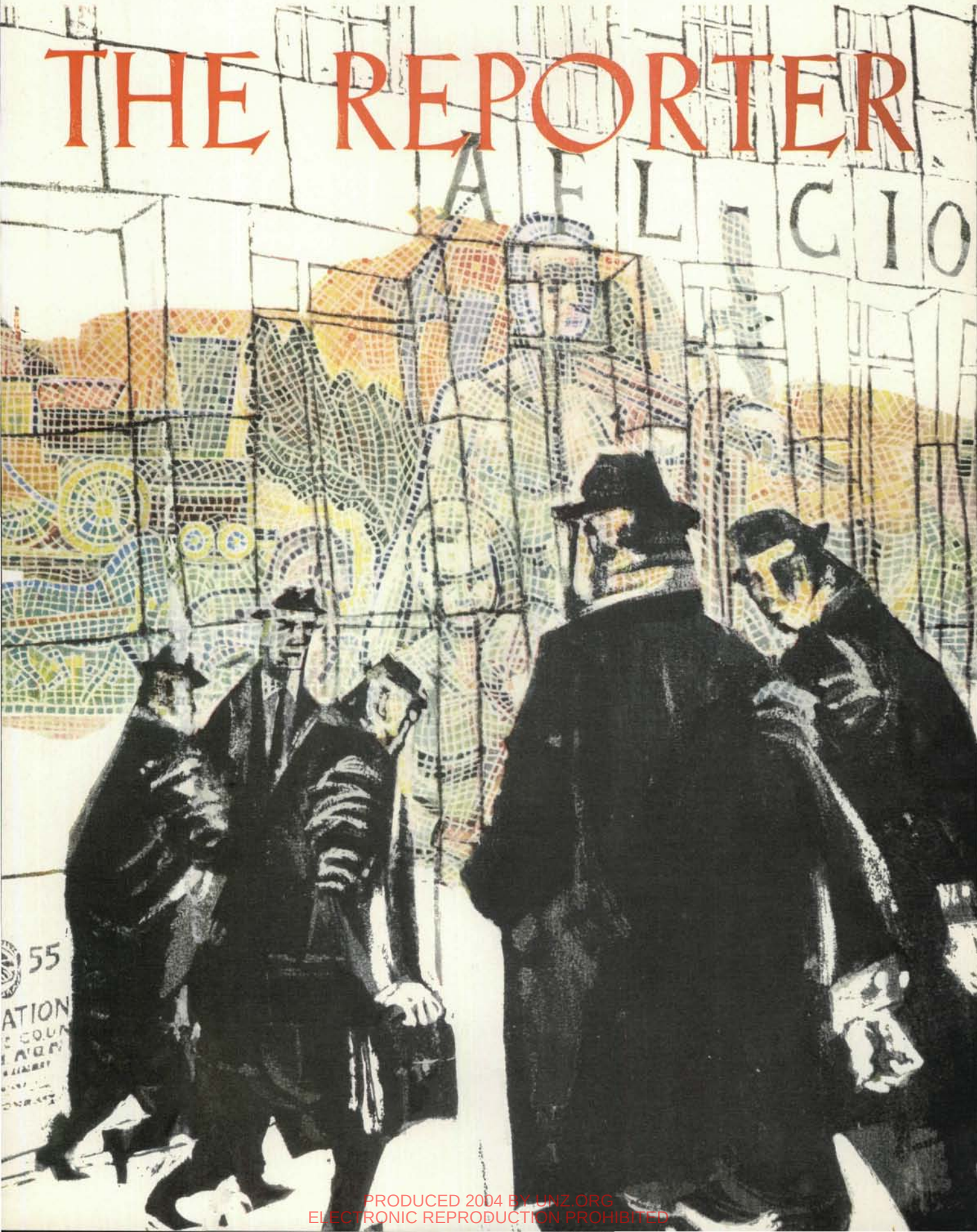

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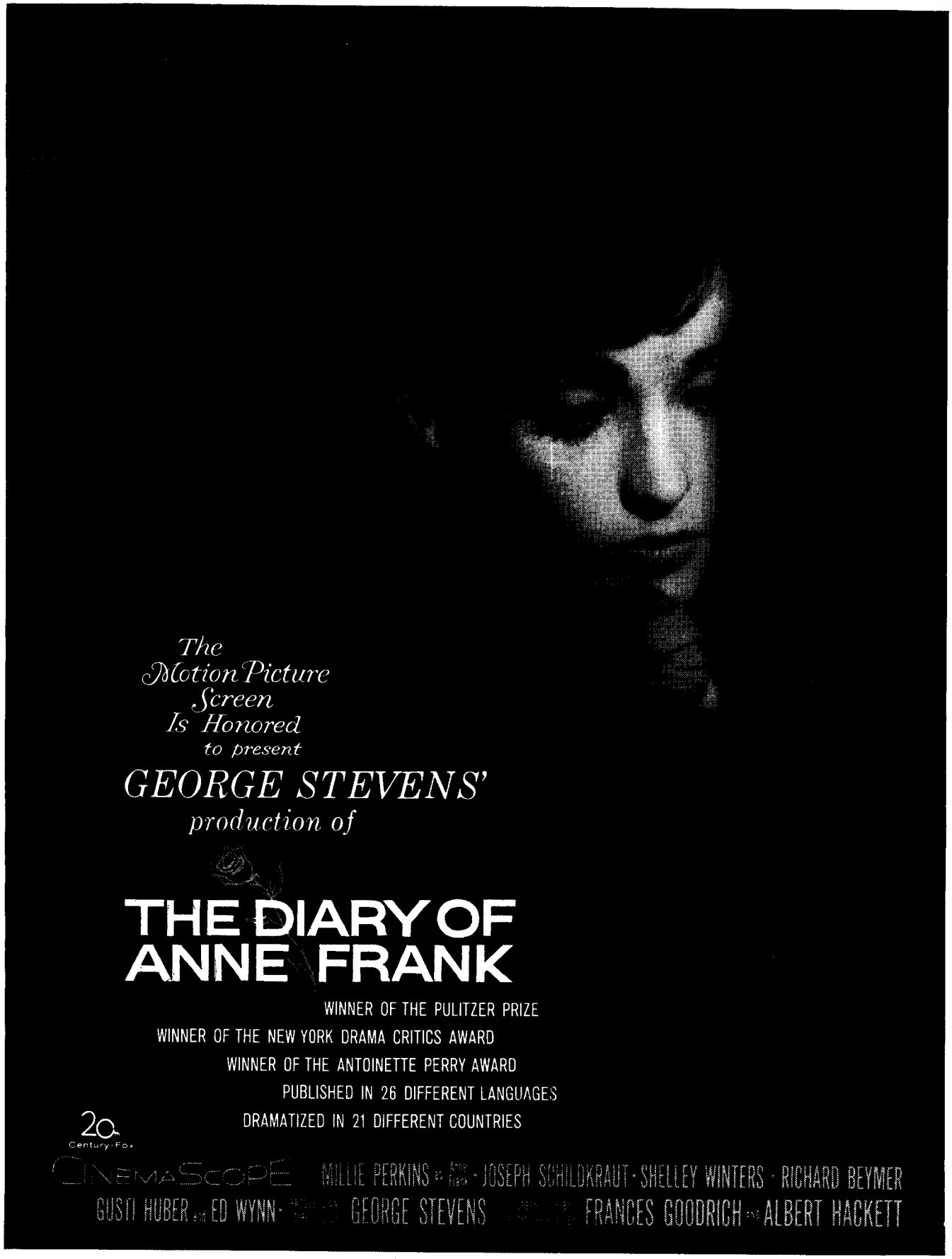
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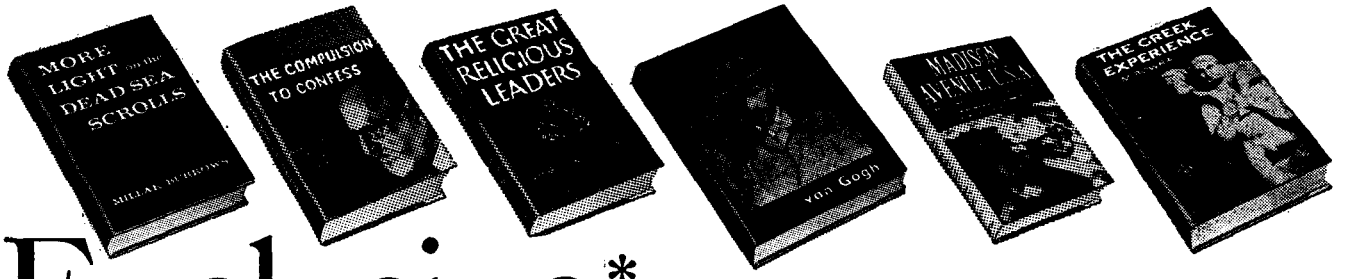

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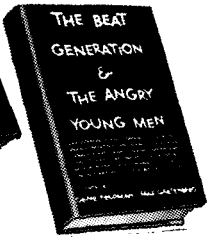

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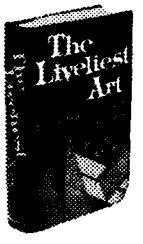

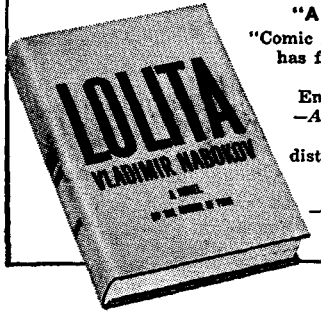

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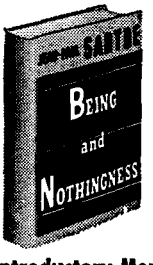

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Instead of Orchids

The nomination of Clare Boothe Luce as ambassador to Brazil has been hailed by the press as singularly felicitous, and even newspapers occasionally critical of the administration, like the Washington *Post*, have joined the chorus. For, it is said, Mrs. Luce was an extraordinarily successful ambassador to Italy —a view contested only by those who know the facts.

The facts, unfortunately, are sad. Mrs. Luce, from the moment she arrived in Rome, tackled her job with relentless energy. She was everpresent, even when the presence of the American ambassador implied some physical danger. She plunged into Italian politics, and made unmistakably clear which politicians she liked and which she didn't. She overacted, overtalked, and oversmiled. She never spared herself in playing her role but missed all the cues.

This was a great pity, for her intentions were of the best. Her two predecessors, James Dunn and Elsworth Bunker, had brought to bear the overwhelming political influence and economic assistance of the United States with consummate skill. They had the actual power of proconsuls but they behaved like ambassadors. Mrs. Luce, at a time when Italy was fast recovering, chose to behave like a proconsul. The result was that whenever she decided to go all out against a certain politician, that politician was made. Unfortunately, this is the way some politicians were made who are still most powerful in Italy and most inclined to stray from the path of the Atlantic Alliance. We have in mind, of course, men like Enrico Mattei and President Gronchi.

Toward the end of her mission Ambassador Luce was thoroughly worn out. "Worst of all, for a diplomat," as *Time* reported, "she had become irritable." The cause, *Time* said, was arsenic fallout. Then the curtain fell on what Broadway calls a turkey.

Now THIS remarkable woman is being sent to another faction-ridden Latin country. If her Italian record is any guide, she will soon be in Brazilian politics up to the hilt. Next year a president is to be elected and passions already are high in the country of the western hemisphere that is second only to us in population and vigor.

In the last issue of *The Reporter* we published Adolf Berle's review of *New World in the Tropics*, by Gilberto Freyre, one of the most eminent sociologists of our times and a true friend of the United States. Freyre is alarmed at the mounting Yankeephobia in Brazil. "It is time now for the United States to have an exceptionally able ambassador in Rio de Janeiro," he writes.

If the administration is still insistent on paying tribute to Mrs. Henry Luce with ambassadorships rather than with orchids, we don't see why she should not be sent to less critical countries. Given her Roman record, Ambassador Luce might well go to a capital where America's influence is not a major controversial issue, where the political order has been established for centuries, and where American newsmagazines are not taken too seriously.

We would suggest a monarchy for Mrs. Luce, whose court she would greatly adorn. It could be Britain, first and best of all; or, if President Eisenhower doesn't want to go that far, Luxembourg.

Proxmire's Lament

It is always good sport to kick the king, especially when the king displays the occasionally overbearing manners of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. But perhaps young Senator William Proxmire (D., Wisconsin) goes a little too far when he argues that a "tragic consequence" of Johnson's method of settling is-

BAD INFLUENCE

Nice, France: The State Department's foreign language school here is scheduled to close March 28, apparently the victim of its own pleasant surroundings. . . . A more beautiful setting would be hard to find, which is exactly what some Congressional critics, notably Representative John J. Rooney, Democrat of Brooklyn, thought last year.—New York Times

Congressman Rooney is worried by beauty,
He thinks it is every American's duty
To set his face firmly away from the sea
When he learns to say *"ja"* and *"enchanté"* and *"sí."*

Congressman Rooney believes that men shirk
When surrounded by beauty along with their work;
The green of the olives, the blue of the sea
Are subversive to diplomats practicing *"oui."*

Congressman Rooney, the taxpayer's friend,
Has brought these expendable sights to an end:
If diplomats really must learn to say *"nuit,"*
Let them practice in squalor, away from the sea.

—SEC

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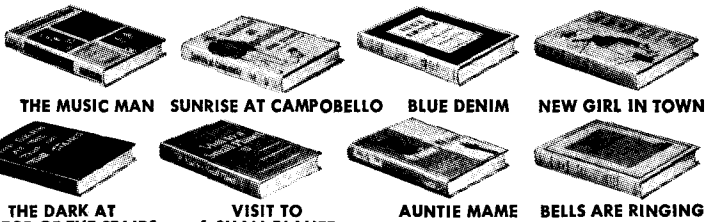

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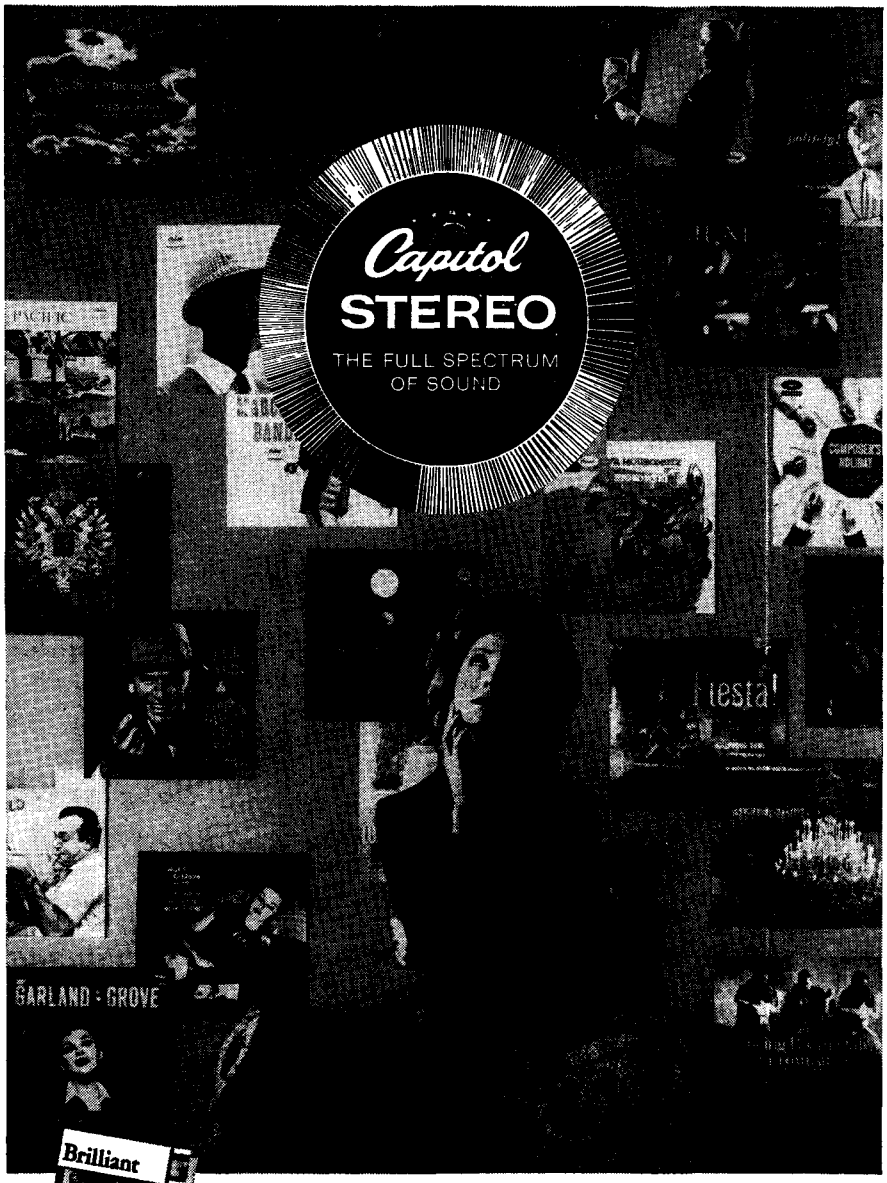

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sues off the floor has been the decline of the Senate as a deliberative body. To support the charge, Proxmire has cited statistics comparing Senate floor activity during Johnson's incumbency with the preceding period: roll calls off forty per cent; hours in session down by a third; and "most decisive of all," according to Proxmire, the number of quorum calls down more than sixty per cent.

It wasn't a very good choice of comparisons. Anyone who watched the Senate at work during the period of Democratic leadership by Senators Scott Lucas and Ernest MacFarlane (1949-1953) would scarcely term those the halcyon days. As Senator Monroney has suggested, "In those days, it was difficult to learn what the Democratic policy was because it was all over the lot. There was no focal point. There was no possibility of identifying it."

The reign of Lyndon has been, all things considered, a change for the better. The senators, who show no signs of lightly surrendering their prerogatives, need an expediter. Perhaps at moments Johnson's performance is a little too dazzling for a junior senator just learning the ropes. For example, the Senate's passage of Hawaiian statehood after four hours of debate the other day was pretty fast stuff. But after all it had been on the agenda for forty years.

Ray of Light

In the past few weeks we have been struck by the astonishing and heartening spectacle of "conservative" and "liberal" economists reaching a consensus on issues that have, until now, been exceedingly controversial. This consensus took the form of a parade of witnesses before the permanent Joint Economic Committee. Whereas the concept of "administered prices" had once been dismissed as a vicious fantasy, spawned at Harvard for no benevolent or patriotic purpose, administration and Federal Reserve Board economists now seemed to regard it as a commonplace truth about our present economic system.

Raymond Saulnier (chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers), Ralph Young (research director of the Federal Research

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We unfortunately ran off the page last issue and had to continue over. No harm done, we suppose. The badges, then, are as illustrated. "Profit" to be worn by those who glory in Irish Coffee and the money it sends flowing to Ireland. And a pretty thing it is, too, watching the dear sales curve course upwards thanks to the Profit Party's interesting taste. If bizarre. Not that we condemn, no, no, no. It's just that there are the others: the Prides; proud of the taste, proud of the altogether distinctive, burnished, but emphatic flavor of Irish Whiskey. They claim the subtlety is *quite drowned out* in Irish Coffee. Strong words! Strong feelings! Before we run out of space again perhaps we'd better get our coupon in. We are given to understand by those who know that a coupon [rather than just saying to write in] boosts the response tremendously. We hope this is true; so much advice nowadays is simply terrible.

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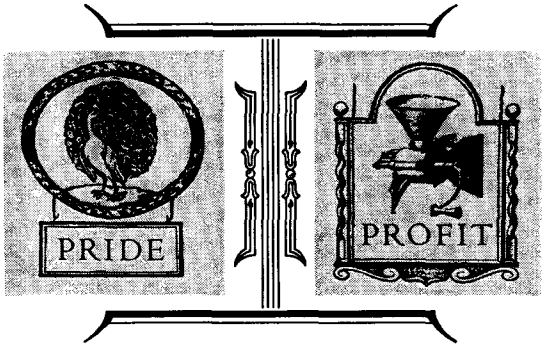

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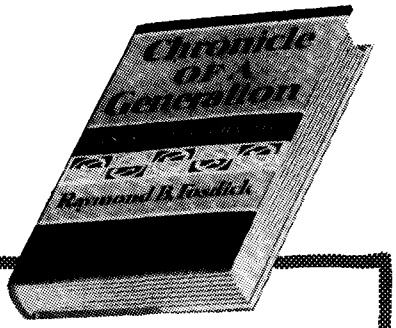

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Board), and Woodlief Thomas (the FRB's economic adviser) all testified that in industries where "imperfect competition" prevailed—e.g., steel and auto—price increases are not necessarily a "natural" response to the conditions of cost, supply, and demand. All, furthermore, asserted specifically that price increases in these industries over the past six years have at one and the same time limited demand, encouraged inflation, promoted unemployment, and slowed down economic growth.

Meanwhile at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, Senator Kefauver's Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee was sharply suggesting to David McDonald, head of the Steelworkers, that he had better limit his future wage demands to increments that bore some relation to increases in productivity.

What can it all mean? Is it possible that common sense has won a quiet victory over moth-eaten ideology? Is our economic thinking really going to catch up with our economic realities? With President Eisenhower still under the peculiar conviction that there is a Marxist conspiracy to have us "spend ourselves into Communism," such optimism would still be premature. But when there is a sign of the times that one can view with unmixed satisfaction, it ought not to be allowed to pass without a gesture of recognition.

Short and Long Division

Listening to President Eisenhower's recent television broadcast, we noticed his statement that "In global totals our friends are contributing over 200 ground divisions . . . to the task of defending the free world." We found this reassuring, but it also piqued our curiosity. How, precisely, did he arrive at that round number?

A man from our Washington office went first to the White House, where he was told that the figure of "200 divisions" was "always" used for this purpose, and that for a further breakdown he would have to go to the Pentagon. At this latter establishment, our man was told that any breakdown would trespass on the area of "classified information"—but he was once again reassured that the number of 200 was "always" used and was official.

Unaccustomed as we are to military intelligence work, it nevertheless seemed incumbent on us to sit down with pencil and paper, a few newspaper clippings, and a couple of standard reference books, and tot up the figures as best we could. No matter how we tried, we couldn't hit the bull's-eye. If we took only divisions of those countries with which we have close and reliable alliances, we fell far short. If we counted the police and armies of all countries with which we have some kind or other of mutual-defense pacts, we were way over the mark. So we soon gave up this particular numbers game. Any reader who has a penchant for puzzles can continue on his own. We shall only remind him that if he arrives at either more or less than 200 divisions, he has made a mistake somewhere. For remember, that number is official.

These Things Were Said

¶ Before a crowd chanting "Kassim is a traitor" President Nasser declared that Arab Communists were trying to subject the Arab peoples to "foreign influence." This may have been an allusion to the Soviet Union. —Report in the New York *Times.*

¶ For the purpose of this Part of this Schedule a person over pensionable age, not being an insured person, shall be treated as an employed person if he would be an insured person were he under pensionable age and would be an employed person were he an insured person.—*From Britain's National Insurance Bill now pending in Parliament.*

¶ If, after day and night shifts on steelmaking, the workers participate in a little farm production, they will feel refreshed. . .—*Report of the Honan Province Communist Party.*

¶ The juke box is one of the universally adopted modes of U.S. life that Reds can't match.—*U.S. News & World Report.*

¶ The Township Committee of Millburn has passed an ordinance to control the design of new architecture and remodeling in this West Essex community. . . . The ordinance empowers the Building Inspector to turn down applications because of "excessive similarity" or "excessive dissimilarity" to any existing or planned structure.—New York *Times.*

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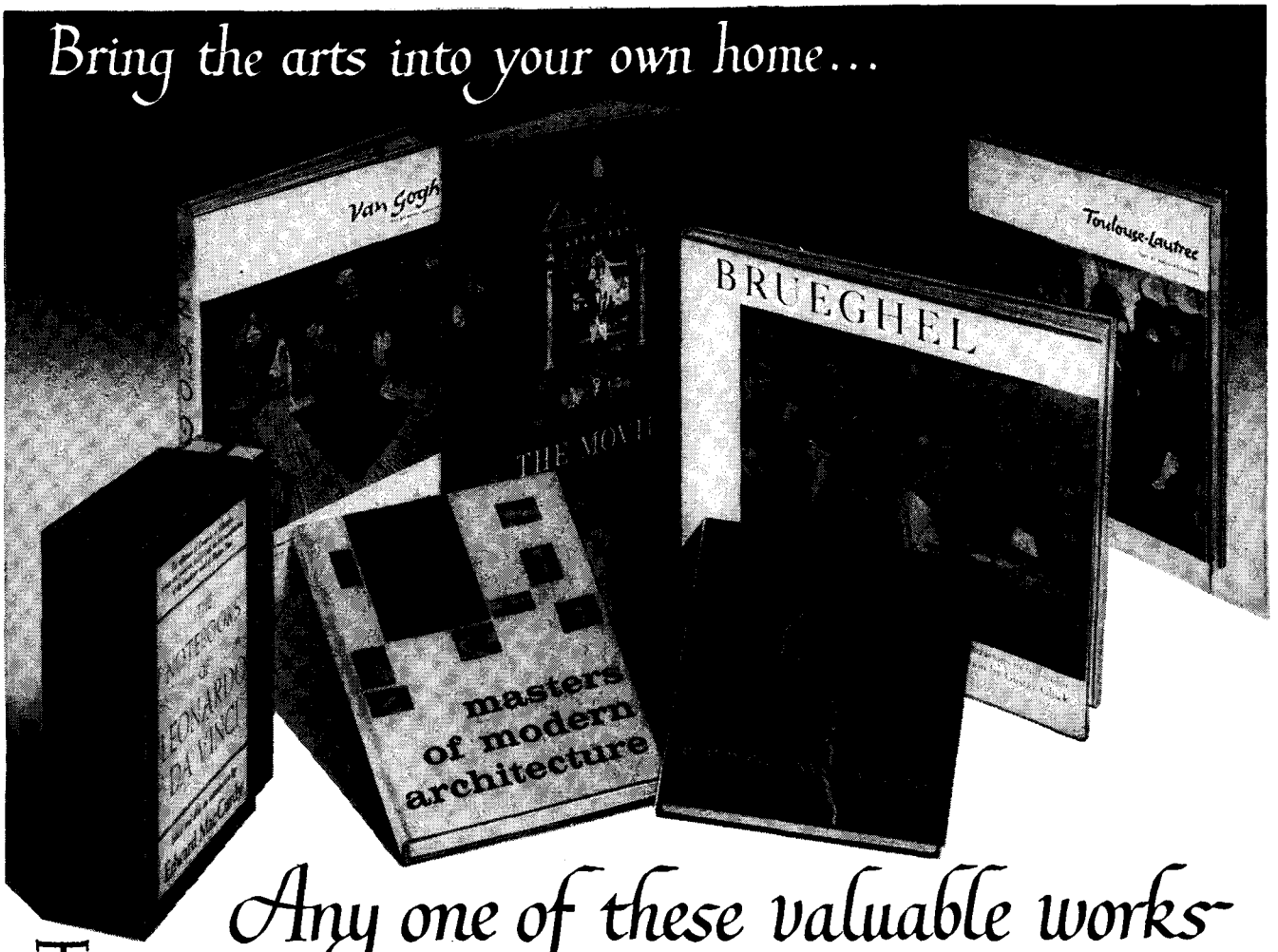

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DEMOCRATS AND POLICY

To the Editors: The articles in the March 5 *Reporter* by Sidney Hyman on the Democratic Advisory Council ("Can a Democrat Win in '60?") and by Douglass Cater on Senator Humphrey ("What Makes Humphrey Run") have the unusual quality of being written *as if* from the inside, and yet are remarkably objective and analytical. Serving as a member of the Democratic Advisory Committee on Foreign Policy, I can speak from my own experience as to the penetration and accuracy of the Sidney Hyman article. And, as a good friend and close associate of Senator Humphrey's since 1944, I am equally impressed with Douglass Cater's perceptive and honest chronicle of Humphrey, the man and political leader.

May I also add a word of congratulations on the superb essay by Dr. Henry M. Kissinger, "The Policymaker and the Intellectual." My one criticism of his article is that he fails to mention what seems to me to be one of the principal reasons for the failures of policy by committee. In recent years, it is clear that many of the policy-committee studies have been commissioned in order to avoid taking any Executive action. Therefore, the failure of the committee reports lies as much in the reasons behind their commission, at the top Executive levels, as with the work of the committees themselves. There is no substitute for Executive responsibility, to paraphrase Kissinger, and abdication of power is certain to produce a vacuum or worse.

EUGENIE ANDERSON
Red Wing, Minnesota

WASHINGTON'S TEETH: TRUE OR FALSE?

To the Editors: I chuckled with the pleasure of a shared recollection when I read Margaret Gibbs's tale ("What Happened to Washington's Teeth?," *The Reporter*, March 5) till shock set in at the discovery that the dentures had disappeared.

After leaving college, I lived in Washington from 1911 to 1913, during which time I visited Mount Vernon, where the sight of the wooden teeth found a permanent place in my memory. In the intervening years, had anyone ever asked me what I recalled most vividly about the contents of Mount Vernon, I should have answered without hesitation, "Washington's wooden teeth."

DOROTHY C. INGRAM
Asheville, North Carolina

To the Editors: Although I am not good at figures and have a poor memory for dates, it seems to me that it was during the Washington Bicentenary in 1932 that I first saw George Washington's teeth at Mount Vernon. My home was in Richmond then and I took several out of state or foreign visitors to Washington and, of course, Mount Vernon, and continued to see the dentures from time to time. In 1951, when I returned to live in the Washington area from overseas, our home was within a mile of Mount Vernon, on former Mount Vernon land, and we took a considerable interest, naturally, in visiting it. The dentures were noticeably not there and we remarked on it at once.

After two or three visits we asked a guard and then a curator or minor official of some sort to whom we were directed and were told that they were not and had never been on display. The information was given in a tone which was a mixture of hauteur and belligerent defensiveness. It was my opinion then and is now that the removal of the dentures from the display was a bit of Nice-Nellyism.

AUSTIN W. MORRILL
Alexandria, Virginia

To the Editors: Apparently Washington's teeth are as frequently met with in museums as the key to the Bastille and the Burr-Hamilton dueling pistols.

Of course, Washington had more than one set of false teeth, just as Gouverneur Morris had more than one wooden leg, one of which was buried with him, and one of which is in our museum, but we do not have Washington's teeth. Perhaps I can give you a clue to one set, however. I think you will find that they are owned and perhaps exhibited by one of the museums in Baltimore.

I hope that eventually you are able to corral all of the missing dentures, catalogue and describe them, and see to it that they are all placed on permanent exhibition. No detail regarding the personal lives of our national heroes is too unimportant to interest the American public, and certainly nothing could have been closer to the Father of our Country or more cause for his concern than the crude teeth which ingenious mechanics whittled out for him and fitted either with hard wood or ivory pegs set into artificial gums of mahogany or rosewood. Now that you have your teeth in the problem, I hope you will hold on until you have solved it.

R. W. G. VAIL, Director
The New-York Historical Society

To the Editors: If there were ever a set of George Washington's teeth on exhibit at Mount Vernon, I never heard of it. He had several dentists—John Greenwood is said to have made several sets for him and was his favorite. There is no record that Paul Revere ever made any dentures for him. However, the statement is often made; I heard it from one of the guides on a historic tour of Boston. It makes a good story but is not true. The same thing can be said regarding many statements in reference to Washington's dentures.

If you would like to pursue the subject further, visit the library of Columbia University Dental School, and ask for *Introduction to the History of Dentistry*, Vol. II, by B. W. Weinberger. It contains a good deal regarding George's false teeth, and it would be documented and based on facts as far as humanly possible.

HAROLD L. FAGGART, D.D.S.
Temple University School of Dentistry
Philadelphia

To the Editors: I am sure I saw a set of Washington's teeth, maybe second best, in the museum in Fraunces Tavern in New York.

ELISABETH MALONE
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the Editors: A set of wooden-peg teeth has been on display at Mount Vernon at one time. And they were designated as having belonged to George Washington. My brother, an aunt, and I saw the teeth displayed during Holy Week, 1939, and are in no doubt at all about it.

Fight the good fight: something sinister is at work here. It may be caries at work in the Department of the Interior. Ah, if only Senator McCarthy were still alive!

WILLIAM MUEHL
Professor of Practical Theology
Yale University

To the Editors: The article on General Washington's teeth highlights a phenomenon which has long puzzled us here at Mount Vernon. We would agree with the suggestion conveyed in the last paragraph, that "any number of people are suffering from a mass mirage of national dimensions." This mirage would seem to be so real in the minds of so many people that we see no hope of dispelling it. However, since you have brought this peculiar situation into prominence I must assure you that no set of General Washington's false teeth has ever been displayed in the Mount Vernon museum.

As Mr. Densmore states in the letter which you have published, the Association did acquire a set of the General's dentures in 1949. (They bear no resemblance to the dentures described by your contributor.) They came to us as an incidental accession with other memorabilia more relevant to our theme and have been placed in a reserve category. They would be made available for inspection by any professional person who has a related interest in the history of medicine and dentistry. We believe that public display outside the confines of a medical museum would constitute an impropriety. Our policy in this instance derives from canons of taste which have governed this Association in its activities over a period of one hundred years.

CHARLES C. WALL, Resident Director
The Mount Vernon Ladies'
Association of the Union

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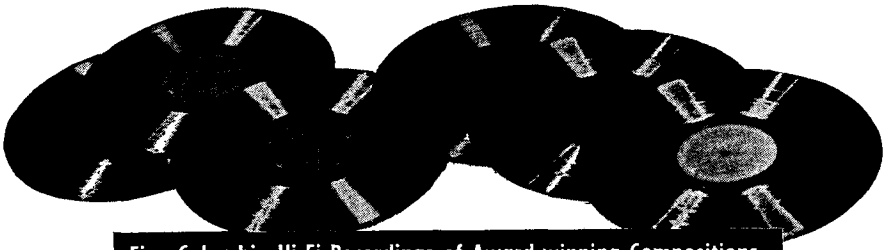

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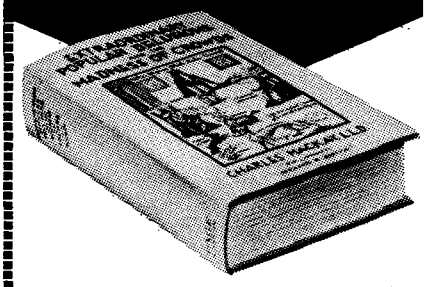

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE IS a strong public interest in trade unions today, in the sense of a scandalized curiosity. But the true relation between trade unions and the public interest—in the sense of the common good—remains to be satisfactorily defined. The two articles that lead off this issue are directed toward this problem. They deal with two very different kinds of trade unions. One has proved to be rather irresponsible, but thoroughly democratic. The other is responsible, honest, and not very democratic. Between them, they well illustrate the point made by **Max Ascoli** in his editorial: that the relation between democracy, trade-unionism, and the public good is far more complicated than a great many legislators and academics seem to realize.

Robert Bendiner, a contributing editor of this magazine, tells the full and fairly incredible story of collective bargaining—if that is the name for it—in New York's newspaper industry. **Paul Jacobs,** a staff writer, reports on an unpleasant situation—of perhaps more symbolic than specific importance—that has developed within the International Association of Machinists.

ONE SUGGESTION for impressing the Russians with our determination not to abandon Berlin has been to station a corporal's guard of U.S. senators and representatives somewhere near the Brandenburg Gate on May 27; that ought to convince Khrushchev that we won't knuckle under to his ultimatum. We would be all for this if only we could choose the congressmen to be garrisoned there. But even so, it strikes us as beside the main point. We already have real soldiers in Berlin. What we need is a policy for the coming summit negotiations. In this issue we present two reports from areas where this policy is being hammered out—one from Berlin and one from Washington. **George Bailey** reports frequently for us on German and central European affairs. . . . **Chalmers M. Roberts** is on the staff of the Washington *Post and Times-Herald.* . . . **Douglass Cater** is, of course, our Washington editor. His book, *The Fourth Branch of Government,* will be published in June by Houghton Mifflin. The two-part series we have published on "Government by Publicity" is based on material drawn from that book.

Michael O'Connell is a painter who writes to supplement his income—an idea which, he says, makes his writer friends laugh, but which nevertheless does seem to pay for that odd tube of paint. He used to live in Mexico, where he became a great *aficionado* of bullfighting; but he now feels that the fights, like the American automobile, have been overplayed and romanticized. His article was intended as a *coup de grace* to both. . . . During the past year, **Marya Mannes** has published *More in Anger* (Lippincott) and *Subverse* (Braziller), the latter illustrated by Robert Osborn. . . . **Jay Jacobs** is an artist (he has done several of our covers) and writer who is now taking a turn as *The Reporter's* film reviewer. . . . **H. R. Trevor-Roper** is Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He is probably best known in this country for his *The Last Days of Hitler,* a classic in the writing of contemporary history. A collection of his essays and reviews, *Men and Events,* was published last year by Harper. . . . **Robert Bingham** is the managing editor of this magazine. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** reviews appear regularly in our book section. His most recent book of criticism, *The Inmost Leaf,* has just been published in paperback by Noonday.

Our cover, which has in its background the AFL-CIO building in Washington, is by **Merle Shore.**

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Union Rights and Union Wrongs

SOMEWHAT BELATEDLY and reluctantly, our country has found itself face to face with two formidable facts: Big Labor is here to stay, and America's commitment to world leadership is for keeps. Only in the late 1940's did we find out that the foreign world was not as foreign as it used to be. Only in the late 1930's did organized labor become as established and legitimate as business. Most labor leaders still find it difficult to reconcile themselves to their new status as pillars of society.

A naïve extension of native democratic ideals still pervades our international and labor policies. The dogma still prevails: Our country stands shoulder to shoulder with every nation where the people's interests are taken care of by the people themselves, where differences of opinion are settled by unfettered elections, and where, if at all possible, there is a two-party system.

Lately, several Congressional leaders have rediscovered that the cure-all for labor scandals is more and more democracy. "Within unions a framework of democracy," said Senator Mundt, "will guarantee to every union member the right of unfettered self-expression in the selection of his leaders and in such vital economic matters as strike determinations." Recently, President Meany of the AFL-CIO was given a hard time by a House subcommittee. He couldn't possibly agree that strikes should be called or settled only by majority vote of the rank and file—unless, as he put it, the stockholders be given the same responsibility for management.

Quite a number of elected politicians still find it difficult to acknowledge the leaders of organized labor as politicians from another realm. We have heard *ad nauseam* in the halls of Congress that union members should incessantly and massively participate in all the major decisions on union affairs and spend their free time watching over their elected representatives. Respectfully, one can ask our congressmen how they would like to have their constituents massively breathing down their necks.

DELUSIONS about the realm of labor are not the exclusive occupational disease of politicians. In a recent editorial on the labor bills now pending before Congress, the New York *Times* wrote: "A striking feature of these bills is their wide agreement on ways to democratize and purify unions." Yet the *Times*, like the other New York papers, had suffered great damage just a few weeks earlier from a strike called by a free-balloting, democratic, but not over-pure union.

It is also said that things would go much better in our unions, great and small, if their internal politics were run according to a two-party system. This could easily happen, and conflicting intra-union issues, real and phony, could be speedily raised if the people who are the most skillful professionals in this business, the Communists, were given a chance to infiltrate our trade-union movement.

As matters actually stand, labor has little room for two parties and even less for that kind of ever-vigilant, direct, or town-meeting, democracy that some of our lawmakers seem to advocate. A few of the most powerful unions, like the Machinists, are run by enlightened despots; some, like the UAW, by very strong executives checked by semi-judicial controls and by potential internal troubles. The Teamsters are still under the iron fist of an empire builder similar in many respects to the founders of business empires generations ago. The "robber barons," however, were lucky enough to be exempted from the scrutiny of Congressional investigations, and pressures to plead the Fifth.

THE INSTITUTIONS and the principles of democracy can no more be transferred wholesale to the realm of labor than to the realm of business. Indeed, democracy is weakened and defiled whenever the attempt is made to extend it beyond the range of public government. If it is to remain supreme, public government must constantly define and survey the boundaries within which private governments do their work. Our Federal government must see to it that the leaders of labor are held accountable to their constituents for the mandate they have gained, and do not make themselves into feudal lords free to violate the laws of the land—including the individual's right to dissent.

What makes democracy work is the tireless activity of the few and the comparative indifference of the many—provided that the few don't make themselves into an all-powerful class and are never relieved of the fear that the many may wake up. This is true also about the limited amount of democracy organized labor can bear.

If we are less hysterical about labor and business, then we can learn how both can be kept within bounds. And if we are aware of the peculiarities that make democracy work here at home, then we may become more reconciled to the fact that free, unfettered elections are not necessarily the best way to solve international difficulties like the unification of Germany, and that friendly foreign countries like India or Mexico can be reasonably free, even without too much of a two-party system.

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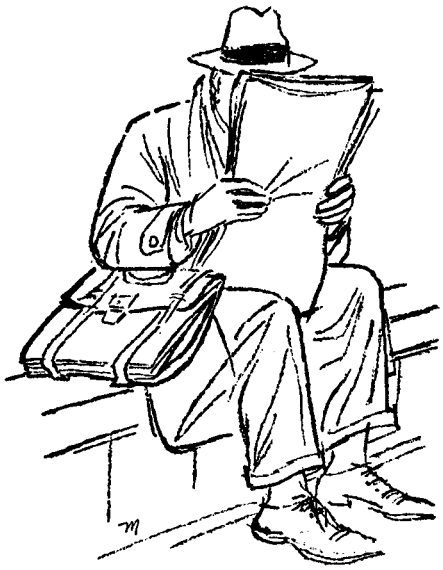

One for All —and All for Nothing

ROBERT BENDINER

LABOR-MANAGEMENT RELATIONS in the newspaper business have reached such a level of proficiency that it is now possible, if not inevitable, for everybody to lose money. A decade ago, in New York, a union might strike a single publisher, get what it asked or a good part of it, and eventually come out ahead. In the same way, a publisher might make a tactical case for sitting out a strike, as the *World-Telegram and Sun* did for ten weeks in 1950, hoping to gain in the end by reducing a union to a state of pernicious anemia. Both parties acted by choice, in what they conceived to be their self-interest, and while the struggle lasted, the public had the other New York papers to read. What's more, advertising money continued to flow, trade and commerce were unaffected, and newsdealers—wholesaler and storekeeper alike—felt hardly any pain at all.

Such is progress that on December 9, 1958, when one of the smallest and least reputable unions in the business decided by 105 votes to engage in a hopeless strike, every daily in New York closed down for seventeen days. Losses to publishers and newspaper employees and in retail trade ran well over $50 million. Some seventeen thousand of the city's twenty thousand newspaper employees, as sour on the strike as the publishers themselves, were thrown out of work. And for tidings of the world, New Yorkers had to depend on the sketchy and lethally repetitious bulletins of radio and television, without even a La Guardia around to keep them *au courant* in the world of the comics. In the end, the members of the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union settled for virtually the same gains they had originally been offered.

This fiasco would not be worth more than a weary footnote if it were a freak, or if all the fault lay with the one union. Unfortunately, it was not a freak at all but rather, to borrow from Stephen Leacock, merely a single moonbeam from the larger lunacy. The Deliverers' strike was the second in five years to close down all the city's major dailies for a protracted period, and unless the pattern is changed there will be others at frequent intervals. In fact, the printers are threatening to start yet another landslide even as this is written. In the circumstances, the colorful aberrations of the union in question serve only to point up the irrationality of the industry's whole system of collective bargaining.

'D'Artagnan's Law'

All seven dailies published in the city belong to the Publishers Association. Under the rules of the game they may do everything possible to grab each other's circulation, advertising, and personnel, but when it comes to dealing with the nine craft unions in the trade, from the patrician Photo Engravers to the lowly Paper Handlers and Sheet Straighteners, the publishers bargain en bloc through the Association. Only the Newspaper Guild, made up of editorial and commercial workers, negotiates with the papers on an individual basis, and lately even this exception has become more apparent than real. Last October, when it seemed likely that the Guild would call a strike against one or two papers, the Publishers Association sent a telegram to the heads of all the craft unions: "We have been advised by our seven members that if any of them are unable to publish because a craft union has not crossed a guild picket line this will be regarded as a contract violation against all."

The certainty of a news blackout for the city every time a single union strikes a single paper is the publishers' answer to what they regard, not unreasonably, as the "blood brotherhood" of labor. What has been called D'Artagnan's Law now operates on both sides of the fence, with the assurance that when any union or any publisher is in trouble, there will be trouble for all, including the public.

Narrowly speaking, this *Brüderschaft* of the publishers makes sense. Without it, as they learned from the *World-Telegram* strike, they can be picked off one by one in what is known as the technique of the whipsaw. Making the contracts coterminous—all but one of the nine craft-union contracts expire early in December and the Guild's a month or so earlier—is likewise reasonable, since ten negotiating crises over a two-year period is more of a strain than the hardest-boiled publisher should be asked to bear.

Nevertheless, the whole arrangement has served to make the industry more volatile than ever. On the labor side, the leaders of the several unions are simultaneously thrown into a competitive free-for-all to determine which can get the most for their members, with quick retirement from office looming for the labor official who fails to get for his followers as good a bundle as his

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fraternal colleagues. The result is that publishers and unions tend to settle for the same raises and benefits to all, with little regard for varying status, thus in effect shrinking the differential between the skilled and the unskilled.

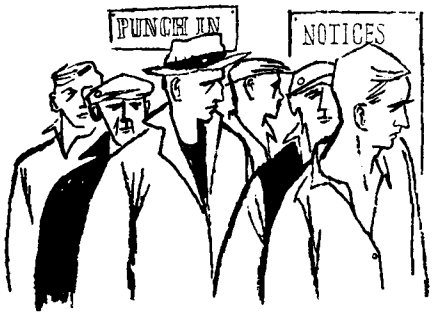
More serious, perhaps, from the publisher's point of view, not to mention the public's, is the dollar loss that is the price of solidarity. In the engravers' strike of 1953, the *Herald Tribune,* which had its engravings done independently and was in no way a party to the dispute, took a heavier loss than the papers directly involved. Apparently deciding that its first allegiance was to its fellow publishers, that journal suspended operations for five days on the ground that it didn't want to be used as an "instrument to obstruct normal collective bargaining." Unlike the struck papers, the *Herald Tribune* had to pay all its employees while it was closed down, since there was no excuse for locking them out.

To add to the complexity, the city's newspapers are generally carried in publishers' trucks, operated by publishers' drivers, only as far as certain so-called "Canada points," or transfer rendezvous, where they are collected by the wholesalers' men for ultimate trucking to stores and newsstands. Both groups of drivers are organized by the same union, which has one set of contracts with the publishers and another with the wholesalers, so that a strike against either employer can cripple the other, and no help for it.

Given this interdependence, it is probably inevitable that the wholesaler, the union's business agent, and the newspaper's circulation manager should have a relationship that encourages cozy, unofficial business. Shakedowns are not unknown. An auditor's report on the Rockaway News Supply Company, now in the hands of receivers, shows such bookkeeping items as $18,000 for "Christmas gifts" and $15,000 for "promotion," though what they were promoting would be hard to say. With no assets but their contracts with the newspapers, wholesalers have been known to court circulation officials with good-will offerings, such as the $8,000 Beechcraft monoplane presented a few years ago to Ivan Annenberg, before the *Daily News* saw fit to part with his services as circulation manager.

In the same way, both wholesaler and publisher sometimes save themselves trouble by dealing privately with the business agents of the drivers' union rather than resorting to a more formal type of collective bargaining. Not long ago two of the union's agents, William (Buddy) Walsh and Harry Waltzer, served terms in Sing Sing for carrying the process too far, attempting in a fraternal spirit to guarantee an employer against union activity at a price of $5,000. But even short of such crudity, there is a good deal that a union business agent can do in the way of easing the enforcement of a contract. Estimates of the unofficial "take" for such services run high enough to make such jobs extremely attractive and to keep the union perpetually churning with ambition and internal politics.

It was against this general background that publishers and unions last fall went into their regular biennial spasm of negotiations. On October 21, with no agreement on a new contract, the Newspaper Guild came within a hairbreadth of calling a strike but pledged to confine it to one or two papers rather than "cause a cut-off in the flow of vital information to the public on Election Day." Seeing in this stand less idealism than another attempt at the old whipsaw technique, the publishers issued their one-for-all-



and-all-for-one warning. At the zero hour a Federal mediator produced a settlement, based on a package increase averaging $7 a week in wages ($4 the first year and $3 the next) and other benefits, and the Association made it plain to the Guild that this was to be the pattern for the year, that no union would do better.

Whether or not this was intended to reassure the Guild's officials, there is no doubt that they would have been badly hurt with their own members if another union *were* to do better. No one, apparently, took seriously the ominous rumblings from the Deliverers' Union that "A Guild settlement is not a drivers' settlement" or the earlier promise of Sam Feldman, its president, that whatever the Guild got, he would get his drivers something more. What was overlooked, it seems, was the turbulence, the unpredictability, and the strategic position of Mr. Feldman's union, which before the month was out was to stage a curtain raiser that would keep all but one of the New York dailies out of the big Long Island counties of Nassau and Suffolk for a solid month.

From the beginning of the 1958 negotiations, the tactics of the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers were those of the plunger, in keeping with the Runyonesque character of a union some of whose members reportedly round out a moderate income by picking up racing bets for local bookies. In serving advance notice that the drivers would have to get more than the Guild, President Feldman airily overestimated his bargaining power. It is true that a drivers' strike in December could reduce circulation to a trickle, and Christmas advertising along with it. But, given the "blood brotherhood" on both sides of the line, a strike by any other union would be as crippling. If the publishers yielded to Feldman's demands for a $10 package, they would not only have invited trouble from the outraged Guild but would have had to concede the same terms to all the craft unions as well.

After a few days of negotiating and an eight-hour strike on December 8, Feldman and his committee, by a 14-to-3 vote, accepted a $7 package, substantially the same as the Guild settlement. They didn't like it, I was later told by Asher Schwartz, then the union's counsel, but they were convinced that the publishers meant to stick to their offer "till hell freezes over."

In its free-wheeling way, however, the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union, which is truculently independent of any other branch of

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American labor, is democratic—illustrating perhaps that democracy alone is not the answer to all trade-union problems. Of the union's 4,500 members, 1,664 turned out the next day to vote on the settlement. Feldman was greeted with cries of "You're dead!," and when the results of the balloting were in, the publishers' terms were rejected, 877 to 772. The strike was on again.

Among the factors that went into this raucous decision, two stand out. The first was that the members who turned out were largely drivers employed not by the papers but by the wholesalers. They had little to lose from a strike by their brethren, since their own employers couldn't dismiss them without two weeks' notice, and if the strike was won against the publishers, they would no doubt make comparable gains when their own contracts expired. In addition, the newly elected president of the Pressmen offered the support of his union, a pledge he was soon obliged to revoke.

More fundamental, it seems, was the fierce play of power politics in the union. An expert on its internal feuding is convinced that the ten-man executive board, which paved the way for rejection of the settlement, deliberately set out to discredit Feldman in the hope of defeating him in the coming May elections.

The Cabinet of Mr. Feldman

A youngish, portly, and balding man in gray flannels, Feldman looks more like the room clerk he once was, at the old Murray Hill Hotel, than the president of a brawling union that originated in the wild circulation wars between Hearst and Pulitzer at the turn of the century. Those who have watched his career closely agree that he came into office in 1952 as a rebel pledged to a program of reform, but that he found it advisable after a time to let his colleagues conform to the tolerant traditions of the union. "You know," he explained with the air of a weary statesmen as we drained coffee cartons in his barren office on Ann Street, "I can't choose my cabinet."

One of the cabinet ministers to whom I was presently introduced was Secretary-Treasurer Stanley J. Lehman, a black-browed, dark-jowled gentleman presently under indictment, along with three other leaders, for allegedly slashing the tires of trucks engaged in delivering *Newsday*, that publication having been unpersuaded to hire union men for the purpose. Another official I met was Chief Business Agent Harry Waltzer, a convicted extortionist, who genially assured me that I could write what I wanted to

about him because "Everybody got a right to his opinion—that's what it says right on the flag." Of Waltzer the president remarked. "He does his job. I don't get no complaints." Feldman denied the charge that the union had also been trying to get *Newsday* to retain the distributive services of the Bi-County News Corporation, headed by one Irving Bitz—but his position, he added, had nothing to do with Bitz's police record. "What the hell would I care about that," the president said, "as long as he paid his bills?"

Undoubtedly there are many drivers in the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union who are as honest as the run of men, who do not exact petty but regular amounts from storekeepers by threats of getting their papers to them late and with sections missing, or of dropping them in the street a block away, as newsdealers have bitterly complained. Undoubtedly, too, there are business agents in the union who do not "adjust" difficulties with employers at a price, or sell memberships, or otherwise turn a tainted dollar. Yet the fact remains that Waltzer and Walsh were no sooner out of Sing Sing than the democratic rank and file re-elected them to positions of trust, and both are much admired to this day. While Asher Schwartz, who has since resigned as the union's counsel, vehemently rejected such charges of corruption in the main, he conceded—and the remark may throw light on the anti-Feldman movement—that "These tales may have had some foundation in the past, and perhaps still do with regard to some of the persons who are now members of the union but who are no longer in office or with influence in union affairs."

Once the strike vote was taken, whatever its motivations, a news blackout was all but inevitable. The papers could, and for two days did, publish limited editions for sale over the counter. But to operate a plant and sustain a payroll geared to a two-million circulation for the sake of putting out thirty thousand copies, as the *Daily News* found itself doing, was a financial nightmare, and, as it later became clear, the publishers were waiting to pounce on the first opportunity to shut up shop.

The opportunity came on the second day of the strike, when four printers, without sanction of their union, refused to cross the drivers' picket line at the *News*, which—such is the standing of the Deliverers' Union in the labor movement—none of their brothers had seen fit to honor. Instead of merely suspending the four printers until the situation cooled, or simply docking their pay, the *News* instantly fired them, whereupon the rest of its printers walked out and the paper suspended publication.

That was all the other publishers needed. The afternoon papers suspended publication on the 11th and the other morning papers on the 12th, the *Times* announcing that the printers' strike at the *News* had simultaneously breached all their contracts negotiated through the Publishers Association. Two days later the printers voted almost unanimously to ignore the drivers' picket lines and go back to work—

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the action at the *News*, the printers' president said, was a "mistake"—but the publishers wanted none of that. They would resume publication, they said, only when they all could "print, publish and distribute."

So, two weeks before Christmas, thousands of newspaper employees, with no current grievance against the publishers and with no sympathy for the drivers, found themselves "furloughed without pay." Members of the Newspaper Guild, who had job security written into their contracts, were kept on at the *Times* and two Long Island papers. Elsewhere they regarded themselves as victims of a lockout and served notice that they would sue for all missing pay checks.

Slow Motion in the Blackout

That the blackout would be long as well as complete was not so obvious at the time, but as mediation dragged on, an odd aspect became apparent. In spite of all the talk—and it was true enough—about devastating costs, irreparable damage to the retailers' Christmas trade, and the sufferings of a news-starved populace, there was no sense of emergency in the negotiations. Except for the irritated public and the little newsdealers, ten thousand of whom were forced to close their stands, it seems that no one was primarily interested in emergency action and a quick settlement. The principals had other fish to fry.

Feldman himself had reason to fear that a quick victory would vindicate the opposition in his union and probably ruin him. If he could get a $10 increase now, or even $8, how could he justify his earlier acceptance of the $7 package? His evident concern was how to get out of a sticky situation with the least possible damage.

Appreciating the weakness of the opposition, the publishers would probably not have made quick concessions in any case, but they had other reasons for going slow. Committed as they were to the $7 increase given to the Guild, and with craft-union contracts still to be negotiated, they were in no position to make an exception of the drivers. Accordingly, they saw little reason to bargain about details until the strikers had begun to feel the pinch. Having lost the biggest advertising week of the year at the very start of the strike, they were helped toward a philosophical view of subsequent losses by the receipt of strike insurance, which was payable beginning with the second week. Newspaper spokesmen are tight-lipped about this matter, but I gathered that the insurance is a new pooled arrangement, made with Lloyd's of London by the Publishers' Association and including all the city papers except the *Daily News*. Payments are believed to run no higher than $10,000 a day, which would mean that the papers recovered less than five per cent of their losses in circulation and advertising, estimated at $25 million. One would also have to take into account, however, their savings on payroll, newsprint, and a number of other operating costs, not to mention tax adjustments.

To some extent, too, the publishers had acquired a mildly sympathetic interest in the Feldman administration. Better the devil they knew than a new and unpredictable wild man who might replace him and make the merely unstable altogether chaotic. They were not disposed, in short, to make Mr. Feldman look bad by giving him, under pressure from his opponents, what they had denied him before.

As for the other newspaper unions—and this was the ultimate irony in the publishers' showdown with the "blood brotherhood" of labor—they wanted no part of the drivers' strike. In spite of their own serious losses, they would have regarded a quick yielding by the publishers as rank discrimination against themselves. Apart from this immediate issue, relations between the Deliverers and their fellow unions had been marked less by brotherhood than by sibling hostility. In the Brooklyn *Eagle* strike and the engravers' strike of 1953, the drivers regularly reported for duty, Mr. Feldman having made it clear to the publishers that his union "always honors its contracts." Returning the compliment in the drivers' strike, the Guild and the craft unions, all of which are in the AFL-CIO, announced immediately that their members would not be expected to honor the picket lines. As the strike progressed and Feldman called on his fellow unionists for financial aid and participation, he was turned down in council and told that the unions were "not happy" about the strike's continuance.

Pride and Pantomime

In the circumstances, negotiations were bound to have some of the quality of a pantomime. So little serious bargaining was done during the first week that as late as December 16 the union negotiators agreed to resubmit the publishers' original proposals to a second vote of their members. The strategy, according to one observer, was to present the move as the suggestion of the Federal mediator, on the ground that the first vote was not sufficiently representative. Failing to get anywhere with this bit of stage play, the negotiators would, after the softening of time, present essentially the same offer, with just enough retailoring to allow everyone to save face.

However tacit this strategy may have been—and it is unlikely that it was ever explicitly stated—that is exactly what took place. Pride and union principle, as well as internal politics, made it impossible for the membership to consider the proposal of the 16th. Feldman and Schwartz were hooted down more vehemently than before, and a tumultuous show of hands rejected even the taking of a vote. The next day Barney G. Cameron, chairman of the Publishers Association, described prospects as "more bleak than ever," and for almost a week the negotiators held no meetings at all.

By the end of that time the climate was judged right for moving toward a grand face saving. The two weeks' notice to the wholesale drivers, who had been the most militant, was due to expire on the 24th, when they too would be off the payroll, and Feldman's bid for aid from the other unions had already been rejected. After four days of dickering, the drivers' negotiators tentatively endorsed a new formula on the 26th, and two days later the union accepted it, 2,091 to 537, as enthusiastically as though they had won a substantial victory.

In fact, what they won was the

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same old $7 package, with some sleight-of-hand changes. In actual dollars it was, if anything, less generous than the original offer. Instead of a $4-a-week increase the first year and $3 the second, the drivers would get $3.55 the first year and Columbus Day off. They would get $1.75 a week more the second year, plus $1.25 in the form of sick leave. As in the rejected contract, newspaper bundles were to be reduced from fifty-three pounds to fifty pounds, and three days' leave was added in case of death in the immediate family.

TO THIS END millions of New Yorkers had been punitively taxed and millions more had been severely handicapped. Besides the newspapers' losses, already noted, their employees, through no action of their own, lost $5 million in pay—a tax of about $300 per person. Retail losses, especially among specialty shops dependent on Christmas advertising, ran to an estimated $10 million. Theater attendance slumped, and sports events were off by twenty-five per cent. New books and plays suffered from lack of reviews. Deaths, births, and marriages went unreported. Job hunters, apartment seekers, dog losers, and others were without recourse to the classified-advertising columns. Commuters snatched at anything in print, and some perhaps will never be the same for having had to switch from the *Mirror* to the *Harvard Crimson,* from the *Post* to the *Wall Street Journal,* from the *Herald Tribune* to the *Hobo News.* Many a little candy store, dependent on the sale of newspapers to bring in trade, will take years to recover the losses it suffered.

If the strikers won nothing visible to the naked eye, and their fellow unionists were left badly out of pocket, and business suffered, and the public took a beating, and the publishers themselves, in spite of some offsets, lost heavily, what sense was there in the entire proceeding? And what is to prevent its recurrence two years from now and two years after that? Editorially, the newspapers were as one on the day after the strike: ". . . there must be a concerted effort to find new methods and machinery" to avoid such blackouts, said the *Post.* The *Daily News* called for "earnest searching" for a remedy by labor and management alike. The *Mirror* thought "there must be a more logical and reasonable way of settling labor disputes than the irresponsible and cowardly course of shutting down whole industries—a course which amounts to nothing less than economic vandalism."

But the concern didn't last. What with the conflict between editorial virtue and business-office expediency, newspapers are inclined to be schizophrenic, and in this case especially so, because the union in question is peculiarly a creature of the publishers themselves. Spawned by William Randolph Hearst in 1901 to push the sale of his papers at the expense

of others, it has been fostered by publishers down through the years. Joe Bannon, who presided over its fortunes through twenty-nine rough-and-tumble years, doubled in brass as circulation director for the Hearst papers. Another president, Harry Feldman (not Sam), was likewise on the Hearst payroll. When Westbrook Pegler reported that the union continued to pay Walsh and Waltzer while they were in jail, the *Journal-American* dropped his column for the day. The circulation manager of another paper, I was told, sent gifts to the prisoners as good-will offerings.

ALL OF THIS may be history, but when the Senate subcommittee on racketeering announced, a week after the strike, that it was looking into newspaper distribution in New York, the editorial silence was profound. It may be too much to expect papers to wage a campaign against a union that they have to live with, but it is also true that the relationship has had its comfortable aspects and that no newspaper business office is willing to take on a rough and expensive fight merely for principle or the public good.

Beyond the limited question of the drivers' union, what preventive is there for the paralyzing news blackout that has now become the inevitable consequence of any strike? Some union leaders would like to go back to paper-by-paper bargaining, but obviously the publishers will not willingly reassume the posture of sitting ducks. Others talk of setting up fact-finding panels, which would allow retroactive adjustment of contracts that have been tentatively renewed under protest. And one union official spoke of the need for permanent referees in the industry whose advice would be weighty if not decisive.

It would be surprising if any of these proposals proved adequate, even if adopted. As the answer to labor's approximate solidarity, the Publishers Association has established a real and effective unity. The Association speaks for *all* its members, and they are bound by its decisions. But while the unions are committed by tradition to support each other's strikes, they have no check whatever on the decision of any one of their number to call a strike in the first place. Thus the irresponsibility of one becomes the disaster of all.

With industry-wide bargaining the rule on one side of the table, it will in the end have to be the rule on the other. From several sources I heard hints of this, suggestions that the only hope lies in a council of all unions in the industry, endowed at the very least with power to approve or veto a strike in which all are so inevitably involved. Something very like this arrangement has been found workable in other industries, notably the hotel and restaurant field. What is to prevent its working in the newspaper business? Only, perhaps, the devotion of the drivers to the joys of independence, not to say anarchy. But if the rest of the "blood brotherhood" were united in some such scheme, it is unlikely that the drivers could long remain isolated—especially if publishers and wholesalers alike actively discouraged those private little deals with union agents which have made the independence of the union so vital and its offices so attractive.

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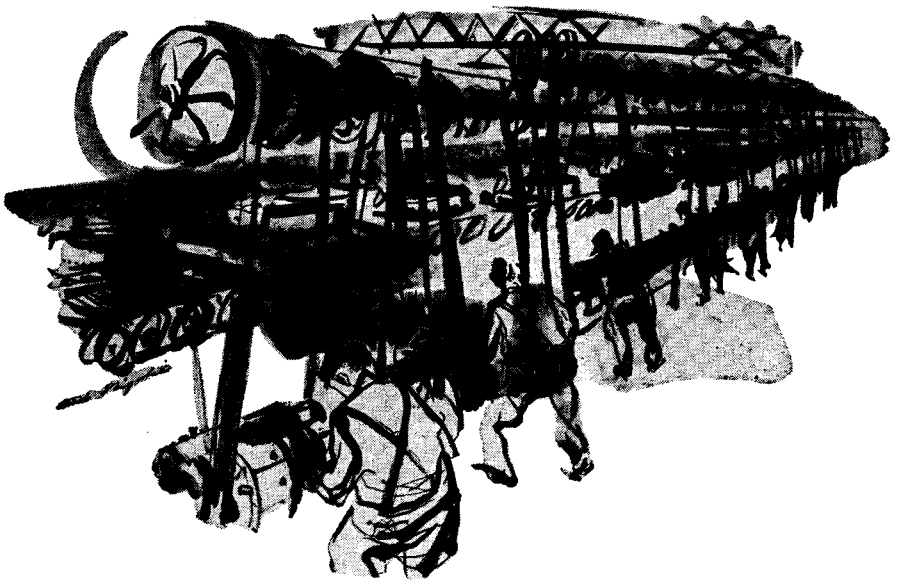

Mr. Hayes Settles A Local Disturbance

PAUL JACOBS

FOR TWO AND A HALF years now, the union local has been run by an administrator appointed by the international union's president. Recently all elections of officers to the local have been canceled and regular membership meetings have been suspended. The president of the international union has expelled two active members of the local and suspended a third from holding union office for a year—this after "rejecting and striking from the record" the report and recommendations of a trial committee which he himself had appointed to hear their cases.

Another sordid union scandal? No, not really; or at least not in the accepted sense of the term. The local involved is, as it happens, Tool and Die Makers Lodge 113, which belongs to the highly respected 900,000-member International Association of Machinists; and the president involved is the IAM's leader, A. J. Hayes, who is also chairman of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee.

The IAM is generally regarded as a good union. There has never been a serious accusation of corruption leveled against it. And Hayes is a good union leader—honest, blunt-speaking, and a righteous and aggressive defender of his union's interests as he sees them. High on the list of those interests is administrative efficiency; and when that efficiency is threatened, in Hayes's judgment, by "friction, division and dissension" among the members, he is quick to take action.

Hayes, moreover, is particularly scornful of what he calls present-day "disenchanted" liberals and "well-meaning but misdirected" intellectuals who believe that the internal affairs of trade unions are something more than a trade-union problem. He is equally scornful of the kind of public review boards that have been established by the United Auto Workers and the Upholsterers to protect individual members' rights. How he runs his union, he implies, is no outsider's damned business.

PRESIDENT HAYES obviously must have cogent reasons, in his own mind, for the two-and-a-half year suspension of Lodge 113, in Chicago. Presumably, too, he had better reasons than the one he gave for ignoring the report and recommendations of the committee he himself had appointed to try the three members. (He actually said that since the text had not been given to the three accused, it was judicially nonexistent. Why he just didn't give it to them, he didn't say.) But whatever Hayes's real reasons, he is most reluctant to share them with the public. He simply and summarily expelled Marion Ciepley and Irwin Rappaport from the union and suspended Leland Williams from holding union office for a year.

Ciepley and Rappaport are both members of the Socialist Party; two of a disappearing breed—the self-educated, skilled radical workers who, with their insistent cries for industrial justice, were once the leavening agents of the labor movement. They are both aristocrats of their trade, Ciepley a tool-and-die maker who earns $3.30 an hour, Rappaport, a tool-room machinist who earns $3.25 an hour. They have both been at the trade for nearly twenty years. Rappaport has been a member of Lodge 113 since 1951, Ciepley since 1941 (although he transferred to an IAM lodge on the West Coast from 1943 to 1952). They are both active members of the local lodge, the kind who invariably come to union meetings, always speak their piece, and have no hesitation in embarrassing their union officials.

Please, No Publicity

Hayes has repeatedly insisted, in the face of growing criticism, that the expulsions are not the business of outsiders or groups like the American Civil Liberties Union, which has taken an interest in the case and which met with a flat rebuff from Hayes when it requested information. In fact, one of the charges against Ciepley and Williams was precisely that they distributed a leaflet at an Illinois Federation of Labor convention calling for the labor movement to establish such public review boards of "outsiders"—boards that would have the authority to accept appeals from members who believe they have been done an injustice by union officials.

The three trials took place December 16, 17, and 18 of last year, in the Sunset Room of the Congress Hotel in Chicago. These trials were

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an outcome of events that stretched back several years. Lodge 113 had been the scene of internal conflict between a "reform" group—which included Ciepley, Rappaport, and Williams—and the incumbent union officials. Late in 1955, the "reform" faction had become suspicious that their financial affairs were not being properly directed by the local's paid officials. It charged that the officials had raised their own salaries without membership authorization, that the books of the lodge had not been properly audited, and that its funds were being mismanaged.

In June, 1956, after a good deal of battling within the lodge, by the reform group with the help of handbills and caucus meetings and by the officials through bringing charges—which were rejected by the membership—against some of the opposition leaders, an auditor was sent in to check the books by the Grand Lodge, as the IAM Washington headquarters is called. The auditor found, say the opposition leaders, that the dues stamps had been mishandled and that the lodge's funds had been kept in one of the paid officials' personal bank accounts. There were signs of other financial oddities too; and the auditor recommended that the financial officers be replaced unless they revised and corrected their procedures.

In October, 1956, under the pressure of an election they were almost sure to lose, the entire staff of business agents resigned. Almost all of them wound up later as management officials for various firms.

Lodge 113 was immediately suspended by Hayes, who assigned one of the union's vice-presidents as administrator of the lodge's affairs. The lodge's bylaws were set aside and the election of officers was indefinitely postponed.

The clue to Hayes's placing Lodge 113 under suspension undoubtedly is to be found in his general attitude, shared by many union leaders, that dirty union linen must be washed only in private. In this view, faction fights, malpractice charges, or accusations of financial irregularities bring union affairs into a hostile public eye, a state of affairs to be avoided wherever possible. As Hayes told the members of Lodge 113: "Grand Lodge has made efforts over a considerable period of time to assist the Lodge in resolving the differences that existed. However, all indications are that all these efforts have failed to resolve or minimize the differences, the frictions, the division and the dissension. . . ."

A Close Vote

One of the administrator's first acts was to order the ending of all partisan publications and caucus meetings. He also announced that he would prepare a new set of bylaws for the lodge to replace the old ones.

At first the suspension was accepted by local union members with good grace, and perhaps even some relief. But as time passed, patience and tempers grew short. After the lodge had been under suspension for some months, and when there was no sign of autonomy being restored, the "reform" group began a new campaign on the issue of having the local's suspension lifted and giving it back its self-government.

In April, 1957, the administrator brought in the proposed new bylaws to the lodge. They were first rejected by the membership and then finally accepted because, the opposition leaders claim, the administrator had promised that the suspension would be lifted if the bylaws were adopted. These new bylaws certainly put a damper on internal faction fights. They increased the term of office for business agents from one to four years, and outlawed the right of members to circulate petitions "related to union business" without prior approval of the IAM executive board or the local lodge, except for petitions calling for a special meeting or for recalling officers. The new bylaws also stated that the "business handled in Shop Meetings shall be confined to matters affecting the Shop involved and shall not include any item that properly is a Lodge matter under the Grand Lodge Constitution."

Two bitterly contested elections were held during the period of suspension. In the first, conducted in May, 1957, the "reform" group elected one of its supporters as financial secretary-treasurer. The second took place in February, 1958, when the two opposing groups each put up full slates. The supporters of the administrator won eleven posts as against nine for the "reformers," but Ciepley was elected president of the local. The administrator then announced that a recount of the ballots showed Ciepley to have been defeated by a vote of 767 to 765. Ciepley appealed the administrator's decision to Hayes, claiming election irregularities, but Hayes turned down the appeal.

In May, 1958, Hayes discussed the suspension of Lodge No. 113 before the Kennedy subcommittee of the Senate Labor, Education and Welfare Committee. He attributed the difficulties of the lodge "to the fact that most of the members were apathetic as to the conduct

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of the affairs of the local lodge." It is a curious kind of apathy that is evidenced by contested elections, publication of newsletters, and the holding of caucus meetings. And it would seem that prohibiting discussion of local lodge matters at shop meetings, as provided in the local's new bylaws, is hardly a device to encourage membership participation in union affairs. In fact, it seems clear from the position taken by Hayes that, while he may be interested in membership participation in the affairs of the IAM lodges, he is even more interested in seeing that such participation is not allowed to become a serious threat to union officialdom.

On October 21, 1958, regular membership meetings were canceled with this announcement by the lodge's administrator:

"Suspension of regular meetings of Lodge 113 will continue in full force and effect until there is concrete evidence the Lodge membership is prepared to resume its responsibilities of directing its own affairs strictly in accordance with the laws and policies of the International Association of Machinists, along with evidence of unity of purpose.

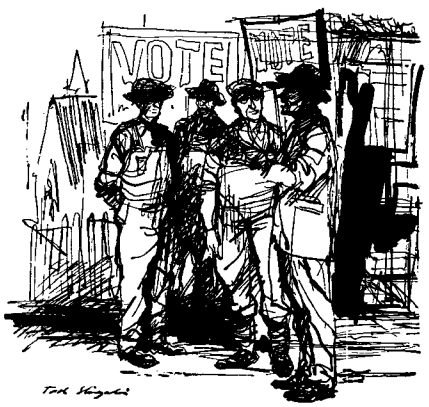
"To establish unity of purpose and create an atmosphere that will lead to lifting the Order of Suspension, we must again request and direct that all unauthorized meetings of the membership, where union business or policy is discussed and all unauthorized distribution of literature be discontinued immediately."

A week later, on October 27, the deputy administrator wrote Rappaport that he was to "show cause, in writing," not later than November 3, why he should not be removed as the elected union steward at the Sunbeam plant and be prosecuted because he had called a shop meeting "for the purpose of discussing contract proposals and that prior to and during this meeting you did allow a petition to be circulated among the membership employed by the Sunbeam Corporation." Although Rappaport was given until November 3 to answer the charges and did so before the deadline, he was removed as steward by the deputy administrator on the morning of November 3 without any kind of hearing being held. The petition he had circulated was an appeal of the members to Hayes asking that local autonomy be restored.

The deputy administrator must have been busy on November 3, because he also, without explanation, removed Ciepley from his elected post as steward of the Hotpoint plant. That same day a new set of charges was filed against Ciepley, Rappaport, and Williams; on these charges they were eventually brought up on trial.

In the trials, the Grand Lodge did not follow the normal procedure of bringing the case before a committee of local union members, with this committee later reporting its findings and recommendations back to the local membership. Instead, Hayes exercised his right under the IAM constitution to appoint a special trial committee which could report directly to him, and whose verdict he could either accept or reject. His decision, in turn, could be appealed to the union's executive council, made up of IAM vice-presidents, and their decision might be finally appealed to an appeals committee of the Grand Lodge conventions, held once every four years. However, the convention appeals committee is appointed by the same executive council whose decisions it is supposed to review. Moreover, members appealing any decisions are not permitted to appear before the delegates in person.

Hayes appointed two vice-presidents and one Grand Lodge representative as the trial committee to hear the charges against Ciepley and Rappaport, as well as against Williams (who pleaded guilty). Eight charges had been leveled at Ciepley and Williams; four against Rappaport, one of which was withdrawn at the trial. All the charges ultimately arose from their having sponsored a resolution which they distributed to the delegates at the Illinois Federation of Labor convention on October 8, 1958. The resolution called upon the state convention to approve a program that included mobilizing "the rank and file as the main weapon in the struggle against corruption and unethical practices . . . ," to "set up a committee of seven prominent and impartial citizens . . . to review grievances dealing with unethical practice and corruption within the labor unions," and to establish ". . . a period not to exceed six months . . . for any such justifiable suspension, administratorship and supervision."



'Outsiders' and Public Concern

Toward the end of the trial, Ciepley was questioned about his opinion of public review boards.

"Q.: And it is your position that clergy and professional people are better qualified to review questions involving the administration of union affairs than its elected officers?"

"A.: No, no, but I think it would be more democratic procedure to have an impartial committee take up grievances such as is being done in the UAW."

"Q.: You think they would be better qualified to decide them than the elected officials of the union?"

"A.: Let us say they would be more democratic."

None of the defendants has yet found out how "democratic" the union officials who made up the trial committee were, since they have never been told what decision the committee reached. Instead, Hayes ordered Ciepley and Rappaport expelled, while Williams was prohibited from holding union office for a year.

The two defendants are now appealing Hayes's decision to the executive council. If they are turned down, as they almost certainly will be, they will have to wait until the 1960 convention. In the meantime, they are expelled from the IAM.

Rappaport is still working at Sunbeam, where he claims the support

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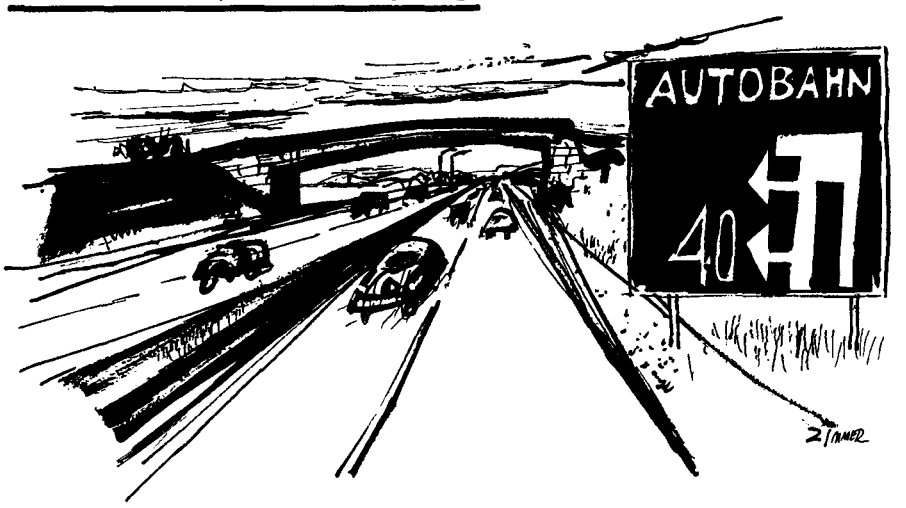
of most of the members; but Ciepley, who lost his steward's extra seniority when he was removed from that post, was caught in a layoff at his plant. Since then, he has worked in a number of other shops, harassed—he charges—by attempts of the deputy administrator to have him discharged. Even now, employed once again in a union shop at union wages, he asserts that his present employer was telephoned by the deputy administrator and advised to fire him.

THIS WHOLE AFFAIR would appear to raise a great many serious questions about the internal functioning of trade unions in America today.

Unfortunately, in the case of the IAM as of so many other unions, when these questions are raised by any "outsiders," the immediate reaction of the union leadership is to become defensive about its own interests and frequently offensive about the intentions it ascribes to the outsiders. It is true that much of the union's attitude in these situations can be traced to the earlier history of the American labor movement. The preamble to the IAM constitution, calling for "organizations founded upon the class struggle," once had some real meaning; today, though the preamble remains unchanged, the position of the labor movement in our society is obviously far different. Mr. Hayes claims that liberals and intellectuals have become "disenchanted" with the labor movement because "they look nostalgically at the good old days of mass organization, sit-down strikes and Memorial Day massacres, and conclude that, since such things are past, labor no longer has any cause, and that labor's prime concern now must be one of internal administration . . ."

It is obvious that Mr. Hayes, both as IAM president and as chairman of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee, believes that "protecting the rights of members"—one of the functions assigned to his committee—is solely the concern of the trade unions. But in fact, since unions are recognized and protected by public law, some "rights of members" are indeed properly a matter of public concern.

AT HOME & ABROAD



THE BERLIN CRISIS

1. Germany: Divided and Indivisible

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

IN 1956 an album of photographs with running commentary appeared in West Germany. The book's title, *Denk' ich an Deutschland,* was taken from Heine's famous poem: "If I think of Germany in the night/ Then I lie sleepless and afraid." Intended by its authors, two young German journalists, as an all-out attack on West German complacency, it presented a series of sharp juxtapositions, in the form of paired illustrations of various conflicting aspects of life in East and West Germany.

Many of these confrontations were a head-on collision of extremes: a strapping young woman in girdle and brassiere on one side, a one-legged waif of the same sex and age on crutches on the other (West and East) subtitled "We strive to preserve good form . . . and justice."); a barefooted, premature crone overburdened with firewood (East) ranged against a fat and carefree Rhineland carnival king; a queue of tattered East Germans in front of a ramshackle state food store opposed to a phalanx of young Bavarians, faces deep in plates of macaroni, at an eating contest.

The most striking feature of this book is that it deals with both East and West Germany as parts of a whole. In fact, it was dedicated "to those seventeen millions who belong to us, just as those who once waited behind the barbed wire of Auschwitz and Buchenwald belong to us." The dedication also contained a neat formulation of the present national and political schizophrenia: "This book was created in Berlin and Bonn—in the provisional halved capital of the whole country and in the provisional whole capital of the halved country."

And, indeed, *Ganz Deutschland*—"Germany"—is today a cauldron of contrasts, many of them reaching to the point of absolute paradox. The exhaustion and disillusionment of two world wars have produced a people of almost pathological hypersensitivity to the slightest political tremors. On the other hand, as though in reaction to so painful a degree of consciousness, these people seem determined to forget and ignore everything but their material well-being. Today's Germans are inclined to shy at shadows. They are also prone to ignore approaching wild bulls while enjoying a lavish

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picnic lunch. The result is a country that alternates between false alarms and false security.

Whose Problem?

"The government," asserted Ernst Lemmer, West German minister for All-German Affairs, "is ruled by an absolute concern for the security of that which exists. The opposition shares this concern for security, but combines with it a greater readiness to take certain risks in the interests of reunification."

But there is more at variance here than the tactics of unification. The Social Democratic Party of West Germany, the S.P.D., tends to regard reunification as primarily a German national problem. The Adenauer government regards reunification as primarily an international problem —and specifically as a problem for the western Alliance.

There has been much talk about the necessity of removing the issue of reunification from the cockpit of party politics and making it the "mission" of the German people as a whole. But in only one instance have the West Germans succeeded in reconciling party differences within the framework of a single organization. The body that has managed to do this is Lemmer's ministry. Its most important offspring at present is the *Kuratorium Unteilbares Deutschland,* the Committee of Germany Indivisible, which is sometimes acidly referred to in West Germany as *Das Kuriosum Unheilbares Deutschland* (The Freak of an Incurable Germany). The organization, formed in the spring of 1954, acts as an official public-relations agency for the cause of reunification. Beginning with President Theodor Heuss, it includes among its members the most prominent politicians of all parties and persuasions. The purpose of the committee is simply to engender public interest (both within Germany and abroad) in reunification. Spurred by the Berlin crisis, it organized a mass demonstration of German solidarity early last December. It chose as its slogan "*Macht das Tor auf!*," "Open the Gate!," and had a thumbnail-sized stickpin emblem of Berlin's Brandenburg Gate manufactured for sale at twenty pfennigs (five cents) apiece. Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schütz, the chairman of the committee, was himself astonished by the overwhelming success of the operation.

"We checked with the manufacturers," he said, "and also with the Red Cross, which has experience in this sort of operation, to get some idea of how many pins we would need. We arrived at the figure of half a million." (This figure gives a fair approximation of the pre-crisis significance of the organization.) "Well, we have already sold more than eleven million pins and we shall certainly sell a total of fifteen million before the operation is concluded next month. Now the idea has been taken up by others, especially the labor unions. They're having a pin made in the shape of the Berlin bear and will sell it during the May Day celebrations."

I asked Dr. Schütz if he felt there was any danger of overdoing the appeal and promoting nationalism.

"Look here," he answered, "you can't eliminate national feeling. And it is dangerous to suppress it. All you can do is guide it. The Federal Republic has not succeeded in creating a national feeling for itself as such. It never will. And the East Zone régime has accomplished the exact opposite. The extreme German nationalists today are in East Germany. No wonder. The only thing the people there have to fall back on in self-defense against a foreign system is their sense of nationality."

I inquired if Dr. Schütz considered reunification possible in the foreseeable future.

"That is not the point," he said. "Reunification may be ten, twenty, or even fifty years away. The point is that we have to keep the idea alive. We must talk and act as if reunification were just around the corner. For two reasons: First, if we don't, somebody else will, and it might be the wrong party; some of these refugee groups are downright chauvinistic. Second, if the German people don't show an active interest in reunification, we can't expect other peoples to be interested."

The Need to Temporize

A marked change has taken place in representative West German opinion on reunification in the last two months. I put a test question to some fifty people in Bonn and elsewhere in West Germany: "Are you in principle in favor of the suggestion to make Berlin the capital of the United Nations?" Before I began my canvassing on this occasion, I was told by a U.S. embassy official that most if not all West Germans would jump at the plan (as indeed many of those I questioned had, two months before). This time, without exception, the idea was rejected. The reasons given were remarkably similar: the U.N.-ization of Berlin would "petrify or disguise" the division of Germany. The most cogent answer I received came from Fritz Erler, deputy chairman of the Social Democratic (S.P.D.) parliamentary group and military expert of his party: "To make the security of Berlin dependent on the majority resolutions of the United Nations would be extremely perilous," he said, "and even if the security of Berlin could be thus guaranteed, it would only create the illusion that the German problem was solved."

The fact is that, so long as West Berlin remained inviolate, the average West German could—and did—rest comfortably assured that the division of Germany was not permanent. Also, the continued presence of the western Allies in Berlin was a reminder that the German problem was primarily an international problem. But the engulfment of Berlin by the Communists would mean abandoning any claim to East Germany and with it all hope of reunification in terms even remotely acceptable to the West. "We're in a tunnel," said a young German official in Bonn to me, "and the only thing that keeps us going is the light at the end of the tunnel. For us this light is Berlin. Put that light out and we're finished—we'll panic."

As regards East-West negotiations —and no matter how much jockeying for new positions takes place on either side—the differences between the Adenauer government and the opposition can be narrowed down to this point: the evaluation of making concessions in advance and trusting the Russians eventually to deliver a *quid pro quo.*

I asked Erler if the reunification plan worked out by the Social Democrats and recently submitted to the

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government's joint foreign-policy committee made any definite connection between military and political relaxation. "No, it doesn't," Erler answered, "and for a very good reason. We know it wouldn't be acceptable to the Russians. The insistence of the western Allies on *formally* binding military and political relaxation together caused the failure of the London disarmament negotiations."

'We Can't Go It Alone'

"As far as the government is concerned," a senior government official said to me, "reunification is a question of priority. Erler's view that we have a choice between NATO membership and reunification is not really to the point. The first priority is security. If the price of reunification is security, then we are not willing to pay the price. It is all very well to talk about disengagement, but how many people have stopped to consider the significance of 'engagement'—I mean American engagement in Europe and particularly in West Germany? How many appreciate the stabilizing influence of the American presence here? It has been, and continues to be, a tremendous boon. Not only insofar as our foreign affairs are concerned, but in our internal affairs as well: culturally as well as economically, psychologically—in our ways of thinking, in our attitudes toward daily life, in so many ways. Something almost miraculous has been wrought in Germany, thanks largely to the American willingness and ability to engage here. West Germany has sought the political salvation of the entire German people by attempting systematically to achieve the good will of the free nations. This attempt has taken the form of close co-operation with the western Allies, cultivation of 'good neighbor' relations with all nations and particularly with France, and reparations to Israel. It has shouldered the enormous burden of sins bequeathed by the Nazi Third Reich and has attempted to expiate them, while the East German government simply renounced responsibility for the German past.

"Nowadays, all the talk—and most of it is damned facile—is of disengagement. We are to be left on our own to grapple with the tremendous problem of implementing reunification, phased or unphased. Frankly, I do not have enough confidence in our leadership to master what would be the most difficult problem in all German history. Adenauer can't last forever. Look at the record: we have mismanaged every major problem since the formation of Germany as a modern nation.

"If we could be sure that the Russians would act in good faith, reasonably certain that the Soviet Union is—how should I say?—saturated and would mind its own business, then it might be different. But we are anything but sure. Or if there were some way of pinning them down contractually. But is there really any such thing as a 'self-enforcing agreement'? The overshadowing influence of the Soviet Union on all these European dwarfs, once the American giant has withdrawn, will be incalculable. No, I can only say 'Ami stay here.'"

A still more highly placed government official put it this way:

"The Socialists seem to think that the division of Germany is the cause of East-West tension. The fact is that the division of Germany is the result of East-West tension. The Russians don't want reunification at all—unless, of course, we are willing to accept their terms. The Soviets simply cannot tolerate a free, reunified Germany—even if it were neutral—directly on the borders of the satellites. It would create too much unrest in their front yard. Even the Russians can't afford to put down a Hungarian-type upheaval every other year.

"The S.P.D. proceeds on the assumption that the Russians fear German militarism. This assumption is false. The Russians—or at least the Russian leadership—fear Germany's economic potential, especially in union with the five other West European countries in the Common Market. They themselves have repeatedly said that they want to make the fight on an economic basis. The economic potential of the six European countries as compared with that of the United States is seventeen to twenty—roughly the same. If the Russians can maneuver the Americans out of Germany and Europe, they will undermine the still fragile European community. If they can do that, they will have won the game."

IRONICALLY, it is the very weakness of the Soviet régime in East Germany that makes the prospect of reunification so remote. Khrushchev cannot negotiate from anything except military strength, and therefore he must bluster and threaten. Like all other observers, I was astonished at the reception accorded him by a mass demonstration in East Berlin on March 7. It was not only unmistakably chilly but downright impolite. It was a thoroughly lackluster affair, poorly organized. I witnessed a torchlight parade of fifteen torches held askew or sloping dejectedly. Communist Youth formations broke up in mid-march and meandered listlessly about the square. The speakers—including Premier Otto Grotewohl, Mayor Friedrich Ebert of East Berlin, and Khrushchev—seemed unsure of themselves and utterly bored. "A good calypso band could break this whole show up in less than five minutes," said an American friend.

Nevertheless, negotiations with the Soviets—but *not* with the East Germans—are regarded by West Germans as inevitable; there is no other alternative. It is merely hoped that the West can muster the necessary skill to do its principles justice. But it is here that the S.P.D.'s approach to negotiations tends to impose a handicap that could prove disastrous. Few expressed displeasure over S.P.D. leader Erich Ollenhauer's acceptance of Khrushchev's invitation to East Berlin. His performance during the conference—insofar as it was revealed in the official communiqué—was quite another matter. The discussion covered, according to the communiqué, such questions as a

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peace treaty, liquidation of the "occupation régime" in West Berlin, etc.—but there was no mention of reunification. "Is this the German or the Soviet communiqué?" asked West Berlin's Socialist mayor, Willy Brandt. He turned pale when told it was the German. «»

2. Guesswork, Loose Talk, And the Search for a Policy

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

WASHINGTON

THE BERLIN CRISIS has become the focus of a much larger and more complex question: the future military posture of the United States vis-à-vis that of the Soviet Union. There was more than just lampooning in the Gridiron Club's song at the spring dinner this year. To the tune of "I've Never Been in Love Before," the newsmen sang:

"We've never been behind before;
Now all at once we are. . . .
It costs too much to try.
The tortoise passed us by;
We're second in the sky.
At last we've stopped
The craze we once were in.
We've really never been
Behind
Before."

But whatever the outcome of the momentous argument over American military preparedness may be—and the outcome will set the limits of power for whoever becomes President in January, 1961—the Berlin crisis must be faced here and now. It is generally agreed here in Washington that negotiations with the Soviets will be under way before Khrushchev's initial May 27 deadline. But there agreement ends. For there is really a fundamental lack of accord, both inside and outside the administration, over the prospects for negotiation.

The prevailing view in the capital is that Khrushchev created the Berlin crisis because of the weakness of the Soviet position in eastern Europe, especially in East Germany. This line is akin to that of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. The theory is that West Berlin, that island of freedom and luxury inside East Germany, makes Communist consolidation of the satellites impossible; and hence Khrushchev has moved to liquidate West Berlin. Khrushchev probably thought he could get the city cheap, that the specter of nuclear war cast by Soviet missile blackmail would force a western retreat. If he discovers otherwise, so the theory goes, he will back down.

Another view is that Khrushchev, though cocky over Soviet military power, is really seeking an accommodation with the West in Europe, partly to gain time to overtake the United States economically and partly to press forward at points of western weakness in the Middle East, Africa, Asia, and Latin America. This view considers Khrushchev's demands that the West recognize the *status quo* in Europe as indicative that he may be willing to pay a price of some sort for such recognition, and that he is using Berlin to pry forth a serious western offer for a European settlement.

Official policy has, in fact, become an amalgam of both lines of thought. The administration is going to negotiate; that is clear enough. The question is how far it is prepared to go and what kind of proposals it can agree on with its allies—Britain, France, and West Germany above all. The flurries in Washington, Paris, and Bonn over Harold Macmillan's visit to Moscow all related to this question. So did Macmillan's visit to Washington.

Just Thinking Out Loud

Part of the confusion in Washington is an inevitable concomitant of a democracy making up its mind. But part also is due to the illness of John Foster Dulles. His absence has robbed the West of its most resourceful spokesman. Regardless of Macmillan's effeorts to fill the vacuum, the leadership of the West inevitably lies in Washington, not in London. With Dulles ill, President Eisenhower has become the western spokesman; but his words have been confusing and imprecise. And in the absence of Dulles's precision in policy pronouncements, every man—and especially members of Congress—has become his own foreign-policy expert.

Everyone of importance has pronounced himself in favor of standing firm over Berlin. But no one is really sure just what that means. The Senate's Democratic whip, Mike Mansfield of Montana, got himself out on a limb by calling for direct negotiations between East and West Germany, to Khrushchev's glee and Adenauer's alarm. In fact, the senator was intent on trying to wake up Washington and the nation to the Berlin crisis. When he found he had gone too far, Mansfield did his best to crawl back from his limb.

The most alarming loose talk, however, has come from within the administration. Defense Secretary McElroy was the first to say that any war over Berlin would doubtless be nuclear. Like the President, he was reacting in part to Democratic criticisms of administration defense policies. Mr. Eisenhower is not a man who likes criticism. And at his extraordinary press conference on March 11 he appeared in the role of General Eisenhower, angered by the needling of buck-private members of Congress. His voice was full of scorn at those who challenged his earlier declaration that "I think I am more able" than the critics to decide what is needed for defense. There was a steely glint in his eyes when he said the individual members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff each has "his own reservations when he wants what he wants." In a sense, the President also seemed to be mad at himself. Because he is not the most articulate of men, he gets frustrated, then angry, when he realizes he can't make his listeners understand or accept what seems to him a simple fact.

The morning of the press conference the Washington *Star* had carried a dispatch from West Berlin

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saying diplomats there felt the only way to deter Khrushchev from trying to impose his own settlement was by giving him "the clearest warning of the danger of nuclear war." At the conference the *Star's* White House reporter asked the President whether the United States is "prepared to use nuclear war if necessary to defend free Berlin." It was in response to this query that Mr. Eisenhower said, "Well, I don't know how you could free anything with nuclear weapons"—having just said there would be no ground war in Europe because the West is so greatly outnumbered.

The President added his expression of disbelief "that anyone would be senseless enough to push that to the point of reality . . . ," i.e., that Khrushchev would push things in Berlin to the point of conflict. This statement was taken by his critics as indicating an overhopeful view. And coupled with a no-ground-war and nuclear-war-is-too-terrible attitude, what did it leave? Only negotiations. But on what terms? The circle of confusion was made complete.

IRONICALLY Secretary Dulles, who has been the apostle of firmness, had begun to show signs of flexibility before he was hospitalized in February. On his last trip to Europe, his aides reported that he had won Adenauer's consent at least to consider the idea of thinning out the rival East-West forces in central Europe. This idea is still alive in Washington, certainly in London, perhaps even in Paris and Bonn.

But the problem is not so much whether troops should be thinned out, or whether there should be a nuclear free zone as suggested by the Rapacki Plan, or whether there should be some other form of what is generally termed disengagement. The problem is how to get Khrushchev to pay something for any of these changes—and they would be major changes—in western policy. Specifically, the problem as seen in Washington is how to get Khrushchev to agree at least to steps toward German reunification.

Khrushchev has said "No" to reunification so often and has demanded some form of disengagement so many times that the basis of any East-West conference, whether among

foreign ministers or heads of government, has been shifting. For a decade or more the West could simply reject Soviet terms and make the rejection stick. But this is no longer true. That fact underlies the alarm expressed today by the administration's critics.

The reason, as the critics see it, is the change in military posture. The 1959 Berlin crisis, they feel, really dates from the first Sputnik. Khrushchev is using his new power and using it effectively. Moreover, the administration won't concede its mistakes, won't concede that its concentration on budget balancing has robbed it of diplomatic power. This is perhaps the most alarming feature of all.

Is There a 'Dulles Plan'?

It was against this background of alarm and confusion that the President necessarily took to radio and television on March 16 to state his and America's case. Fundamentally, of course, he said nothing to alter the fact that American weaponry is on the downgrade relative to Russia's. Showing a list of missiles, present and future, did not silence the critics on this long-range issue. But Eisenhower did bring some order out of the chaos of his press conference when he talked to the world about Berlin and about negotiating with the Kremlin. He stated well the reasons for firmness, and he did it without saber rattling.

As to negotiations, the President took the road toward the summit and removed some of the impediments as he did so. Instead of the oft-repeated demand for real progress by the foreign ministers first, this time Mr. Eisenhower spoke only of "developments that justify a summer meeting at the Summit." That should make it much easier to get the heads of state together at a conference table—and to swallow the perilous Berlin issue in larger discussions about Germany and European security.

In addition, the President said that the United States is not only willing to listen to "new ideas" but will present some of its own. There has been talk here in Washington that Dulles has been putting pencil to paper in the hospital to produce those ideas, perhaps even a "Dulles Plan" to cap his career.

Viewed in the context of the larger issue of the relative Soviet and American military postures, the Eisenhower speech indicates that Soviet might is forcing the first real break in a decade in American policy for Europe. In terms of the immediate Berlin crisis, the result may well be to minimize the possibility of armed conflict.

BOTH Moscow and Washington appear to be trying to avoid words like "deadline" and "ultimatum," even if the press and the senators keep using them. Perhaps this is a hopeful sign; perhaps the Berlin crisis will not lead to a passage at arms after all. It does appear to be leading to a conference table at which the stakes are tremendous, but where the West's pile of chips is far less imposing than it was at the last East-West meeting.

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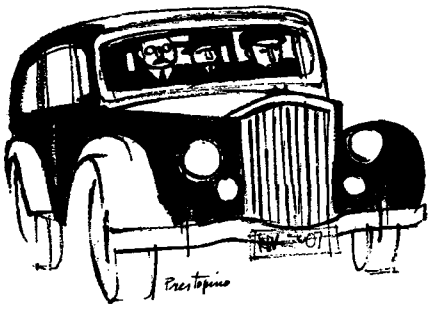

Government By Publicity—II

DOUGLASS CATER

As a group, the reporters have made Washington the most thoroughly covered and most heavily reported capital in the world. Well over a hundred thousand words daily, the volume of a good-sized novel, pour out over wire, radio, and television. In periods of peak stress, the sheer productive capacity of this industry defies the imagination.

Ever since the arrival of the New Deal, the press corps has forsaken its old simple ways just as government has. The old-fashioned general-assignment reporter in Washington, who nibbles at news wherever he can find it, still survives but in reduced circumstances. In his place, Washington reporting has discovered new methods of organization, new ways of packaging news in response to the newly felt needs and the newly developed media of communication.

Reporting has moved to keep up with the changing times. Yet it would be preposterous to argue that the press has met the enormous challenge confronting it. For the dimension of the challenge goes beyond the requirements of speed, specialization, and clever new ways of packaging news. It is, rather, to be measured by how well our system of government, which is dependent on publicity to ensure its orderly functioning, is actually being reported. Viewing the problem in these terms, the reporter in Washington has cause for sober and troubled reflection.

The McCarthy era came as a deeply unsettling experience to many Washington correspondents. The demagogue has been defined as the undetected liar. Yet all the elaborate reporting mechanisms of the press seemed unable to detect McCarthy's lies and to communicate the basic fact that he *was* lying. As McCarthyism mushroomed in the nation's capital, the public dialogue grew strangely distorted. Serious reporters understood that the press was adding to the distortion rather than helping bring things into focus.

How Straight Is Straight News?

"The job of the straight reporter," a wire-service editor once defined for me, "is to take the place of the spectator who is unable to be present. Like the spectator, he does not delve into motives or other side issues except as they become a part of the public record." Unfortunately, the spectator is a casual witness, usually bewildered by any unexpected event. The reporter who limits himself to this role often becomes an unwitting agent of confusion. The trouble with "straight" reporting is that it attempts to deny the creative role the reporter in fact plays in government. It is myth that even the most passionately objective reporter can be truly "straight" in translating the multiple events he covers into the staccato of the teletype. He must constantly make decisions—for good or bad.

Even the purely technical aspects of news production raise their own problems so far as objectivity is concerned. Let us examine the candid account of a typical working day described for me by an able wire-service reporter whose beat has been Capitol Hill:

"A central fact of life for the wire-service reporter in Washington is that there are a great many more afternoon than morning papers in the United States. This creates a problem because the early afternoon paper on the East Coast goes to press between 10 and 10:30 A.M.*—before the 'news development' of the day. It means the wire-service reporter must engage in the basically phony operation of writing the 'overnight'—a story composed the previous evening but giving the impression when it appears the next afternoon that it covers that day's events.*

"Let's take as an example the day the Austrian treaty came up in the Senate. The evening before, I prepared a story of which three-quarters was mere 'background' concerning the treaty. In the progressive developments that followed, this part of the story remained untouched. But I had to have a 'lead' on my overnight, so I called on Senator Walter George, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and tried out an 'angle' on him. Would there be any U.S. military aid for the Austrian army? George said, 'No money. Only long-term credits.' That became my lead. I had fulfilled the necessary function of having a story that seemed to be part of the next day's news.

"Next day, when the treaty came up for debate in the Senate, it was my job to get some 'top' on this story. Senator Sparkman led off for the supporters of the treaty. He had in his speech a couple of newsy items though nothing worthy of filing as a 'bulletin.' So I dictated a new lead and picked up the main body of the story from my overnight. I threw away the George lead because it was a phony one.

"After Sparkman came Senator Jenner. He was vitriolic against the treaty. It was close to 2:30, which meant the deadline for the late afternoon papers. Was he worth a lead? I thought 'No' because he represented such a minute minority in the

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Senate. But that was where a matter of judgment entered.

"Suddenly, Jenner made a nasty crack about Eisenhower which was certainly newsier than anything Sparkman had said. How should I handle it? In deciding problems like this, I always have to consider what the other wire-service reporters covering the same story may be doing. I decided not to lead with Jenner, but instead to move his section of the story into the office as an 'insert.' (All my decisions are reviewable in the office, where the editors may make a decision based on factors I know nothing about.) But the Jenner paragraph moved as an insert, which meant that there was a slug on the A-wire: 'Insert—Austrian Treaty paragraph after "It was said . . ."'

"A little after 3:30 P.M. *the treaty was adopted. That automatically constituted a bulletin to be sent out immediately on the A-wire even though Senate passage had been accepted by everybody as a foregone conclusion. So I wrote a third lead for that particular story and then it was time to write a completely new story for next day's* A.M. *papers.*

"But my job had not finished. The treaty-adoption bulletin had gone out too late to get into most of the East Coast afternoon papers except the big-city ones like the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, *which has seven editions. I had to find a new angle for an overnight to be carried next day by those* P.M.S *which failed to conclude the treaty story.*

"They don't want to carry simply a day-old account of the debate. They want a 'top' to the news. So, to put it quite bluntly, I went and got Senator Thye to say that Jenner by his actions was weakening the President's authority. Actually, the Thye charge was more lively news than the passage of the Austrian treaty itself. It revealed conflict among the Senate Republicans. But the story had developed out of my need for a new peg for the news. It was not spontaneous on Thye's part. I had called seven other senators before I could get someone to make a statement on Jenner. There is a fair criticism, I recognize, to be made of this practice. These senators didn't call me; I called them. I, in a sense, generated the news. The reporter's imagination brought the senator's thinking to bear on alternatives that he might not have thought of by himself.

"This can be a very pervasive practice. One wire-service reporter hounded Senator George daily on the foreign-trade question until he finally got George to make the suggestion that Japan should trade with Red China as an alternative to dumping its textiles on the American market. Then the reporter went straightway to Senator Knowland to get him to knock down the suggestion. It made a good story, and it also stimulated a minor policy debate that might not have got started otherwise. The 'overnight' is the greatest single field for exploratory reporting for the wire services. It is what might be called 'milking the news.'"

THE POINT of this description is to indicate just how complex the business of reporting really is. The phantasmagoria of "straight" news can itself produce a departure from true "objectivity." Within the routines that govern the straight reporter, there is abundant room for bias to enter. Unless he makes reasonable choices, difficult and long-drawn-out issues become progressively more distorted. He finds himself granting the forces of confusion greater access to the loudspeaker system of the press than the forces of clarity. McCarthy proved how pliant such "objectivity" can be in the hands of the skilled manipulator.

GOVERNMENT BY LEAK

BY CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE, ninety per cent of the conflicts arising between government and the press in Washington lie in that shadowy no man's land of news that is ahead of the public event. This quest for what is variously called "background reporting," the "news behind the news," and "inside dope" engages the highest talent of the less restricted Washington correspondents. It is frequently a source of bafflement to the public official. Senator Robert Taft used to complain bitterly that reporters in Washington were so busy trying to find out what was going to happen that they didn't provide a decent account of what had already happened.

In Washington it is always embarrassing when the lid blows off a background story that was meant to be strictly "not for attribution." Like the small-town gambler who gets word from the police department that the heat is on, the reporter knows that for some time there are going to be slim pickings in that particular vicinity. For the government official, it is no less embarrassing. Not only have policies got caught and perhaps irredeemably mangled in the machinery of publicity; the official himself has been exposed in a practice that officialdom can never admit goes on. In all the formal literature on the functioning of the American government, there is not one word on what has been variously called the "leak" or "cloaked news."

For the average citizen, who can be expected to bring only so much sophistication to the business of reading his newspaper, the problem is also serious. Unattributed news can be a highly confusing matter. Take, for example, what happened during the spring of 1955 when there was one of those recurrent crises over the islands in the Formosa Strait. On Saturday, March 26, the reader found a three-column thirty-six-point headline in the upper right-hand corner of page 1 in the New York *Times*: "U.S. EXPECTS CHINESE REDS TO ATTACK ISLES IN APRIL; WEIGHS ALL OUT DEFENSE." Three days later, the reader found another headline in the same position, same type: "EISENHOWER SEES NO WAR NOW OVER CHINESE ISLES."

IF THE READER studied the two stories closely, he noted one similarity. Neither had a single word to indicate who had presumed to speak in the first instance for the United States or in the second for President Eisenhower. The reader was obliged to take the word of the reporters—in these two instances highly reliable men—that these contradictory stories

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had some basis in fact. Actually, the source of the first story was Chief of Naval Operations Robert B. Carney, speaking to a select group of reporters at a background dinner. The second was none other than the White House Press Secretary, James Hagerty, who attended a hastily called second background conference in order to repudiate the stories arising out of the first.

The newspaper reader is obliged to accept a sizable quantity of news in this fashion. He has been given lengthy and varying descriptions of the timing, the extent, and the conditions of potential war—frequently without being told who was making these life-and-death judgments. A newspaperman once catalogued five basic contradictions in "authoritative" reports about American policy in the Far East during a single crisis. It was truly a period of the background story gone wild. But it was by no means a unique period. Cloaked news has become an institution in the conduct of modern government in Washington, part of the regular intercourse between government and the press. During periods of high tension when more formal channels of communication—such as the President's and the Secretary of State's press conferences—are cut off, it often becomes the major means by which important news is transmitted. As one reporter described a critical period, "At a time when any word out of Washington was considered of international significance, what had developed, it appeared, was government by leak."

Compulsory Plagiarism

The ritual of the formal leak is fairly uniform. On a specified evening, a dozen or so correspondents gather in one of the private dining rooms in the Metropolitan Club or in a nearby downtown hotel. They are joined by the guest of honor, usually a high government official. It is not always clear who has initiated the meeting. Usually, the official has graciously "responded" to a standing invitation to meet with the reporters. He may or may not wish to admit that he has something to disclose. Drinks are served and all sit down to dinner. Until the meal is completed, the conversation follows an aimless pattern. No one likes to appear eager. Then chairs are pushed back, the presiding correspondent raps on his glass, reminds his colleagues of the rules, and the session begins.

Usually the official makes no formal remarks. He exposes himself to questions from the correspondents. If he knows his business, he can always manage to steer things in the direction he wishes to move. Frequently he does not openly admit that he is outlining a new government program or a drastic new approach to policy. He is merely "talking over" with the reporters some of the problems that confront him. He relies on them to have sense enough to grasp his meaning without having it spelled out for them. This studied casualness, at times, can breed misunderstanding and produce woeful consequences. The session sometimes goes on till quite late. Afterward, the chairman reminds everyone of the rules and each goes his separate way.

As background briefings grew more frequent, the rules of the game also began to multiply and become more complex. Partly because the matters discussed at the conferences were not so delicate as during wartime, partly because the newsmen chafed at information given purely for self-edification, there was an inevitable trend toward relaxing the strictures against publication. Now, conferences may range from "deep" background to a variety of lighter hues, depending on the secretiveness of the informant. In the main, the so-called Lindley Rule, first developed by Ernest K. Lindley of *Newsweek,* governs the proceedings. It requires what has been called compulsory plagiarism. The journalist may use what he has learned, but strictly on his own authority. Sometimes there are variations permitting him to quote "informed circles" or "a high government spokesman."

Usually there is at least one day's moratorium on the news coming out of such background briefings. If the news is especially hot, it may be arranged that nothing will be printed until the informant gets out of town so that he can establish a convenient alibi. But nothing is hard and fast about the arrangements. Misunderstandings are frequent, increasing in direct ratio to the importance of the news.

The postwar uses of the background session have been varied. It has been a means of alerting the press to the gravity of a situation being overlooked in the news. Dean Acheson, while still Under Secretary of State, once called in a small group of reporters and gave them the "background" on current Soviet demands against the Turks. It helped focus world attention on a situation that might have grown much worse.

The background conference is also used to play down the gravity of a situation. A dubious instance occurred when George Kennan, then chairman of the Policy Planning Board of the State Department, arranged a briefing at the time of President Truman's announcement of Russia's first atomic explosion. Contrary to the facts, Kennan assured reporters that the timing of the Soviet feat did not come as a surprise to American policy planners. He was deliberately trying to minimize the news value of the story in an effort to avert a strong public reaction.

Most frequently, the leak is symptomatic of rivalry in the higher echelons of government itself. Harold E. Stassen, once Special Assistant to the President on the disarmament question, would hold a background conference to discuss his thoughts on modifying U.S. proposals for arms controls. Promptly, Secretary of State Dulles would hold his own background conference to "clarify" the news coming out of the Stassen conference. Both conferences resulted in "news" about American policy. Unfortunately, the sum total of "news" on this crucial subject was and continues to be highly confusing.

The leak is traditionally used as a method of promoting a new program before it is formally unveiled before Congress. In Great Britain, where the cabinet has an obligation to report initially to the House of Commons, such use of the press to launch legislative programs would be unthinkable. In Washington it is habitual. Prior to the announcement of the so-called Eisenhower Doctrine for the Middle East, Mr. Dulles engaged in three days of systematic leakage to reporters of the details of the new policy. By the third day, when Congressional leaders were themselves briefed on the proposal,

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a news dispatch in the New York *Times* noted that they ". . . were cautious in their reaction . . . but the Administration's plan had been so widely publicized before the leaders reached the White House that . . . they can do little more than adopt the new policy as presented."

The Cloak of Semi-Anonymity

The often sorely pressed Washington official sees numerous advantages in this system. It gives him a semi-anonymous voice in the cavernous echo chambers of the nation's capital. By keeping members of the press informed, the official can engage in preventive action against the thousand and one stories that crop up from nowhere and do damage to sound policy. In addition, it permits greater flexibility in taking policy initiatives. Without risking either his own or his department's reputation, he has an opportunity to take the measure of public and—more immediately important—Congressional opinion. If it is hostile, he can always fall back on what has been called "the technique of denying the truth without actually lying."

This latter technique works as follows: Secretary Dulles, in 1953, held a background conference in which he revealed to reporters that he had been doing some tentative thinking about a Korean boundary settlement along the line of the narrow waist of the peninsula. The news stories that emerged provoked criticism on Capitol Hill, particularly from Senator Knowland. Forthwith, the White House issued a denial, drafted by none other than Dulles himself, which stated that "the Administration has never reached any conclusion that a permanent division of Korea is desirable or feasible or consistent with the decisions of the United Nations." The pertinent words of course were "conclusion" and "permanent." The White House statement was not, in fact, what it seemed—a clear repudiation of what Mr. Dulles had told the reporters and what they had written, perforce on their own authority.

Despite its ambiguities, cloaked news has at times played a creative part during the malleable period of policy formation. Historian Bruce Catton has concluded that "our particular form of government wouldn't work without it." The critics—and there are a lonely few among the newsmen who stubbornly refuse to attend any news conference that is not on the record—make a number of arguments. They decry the informality that curses the whole practice. Mixing business and pleasure at the background dinner, with usually a goodly number of drinks thrown in, serves to befuddle the newsmen as well as the official. The reporter usually does not take notes while the official is present. (This might cramp the official's style.) There is a painful reconstruction afterward of what exactly was said. No one ever seems to be quite sure what the rules are. Moreover, because the reporter cannot quote a source, he finds it almost impossible to convey in his story the subtle gradations of meaning that good reporting requires. The background briefing provides a field day for those who prefer to present the news in stark, dramatic terms.

Agent or Tool?

Inevitably, the case against cloaked news gets down to fundamental concepts of reporting. What is the re-

porter's responsibility? Is he an intelligence agent for his paper and, ultimately, for the American public? Or is he to be made a tool of the government's counterintelligence operations? Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., once put the problem this way:

"Washington newspapermen today hardly know whether to believe the Secretary of State, because they do not know if he is speaking to them as reporters or seeking to use them as instruments of psychological warfare. . . . What is the responsibility of a newspaperman when he discovers that some rumored development of policy is really only a psychological warfare trick? Should he print the truth at the risk of wrecking the plans of the Secretary of State? Or should he suppress the truth, betray himself, and deceive the American people?"

In this, as in much that concerns reporting in Washington, the absolutist position has little relevance to the reporter's workaday world. He cannot narrowly demarcate his sphere of operations. He is caught and intimately involved in the ceaseless battle of intelligence versus counterintelligence in Washington. He can remove himself from the battlefield only at the risk of negating his role as a reporter.

A more fruitful inquiry may be directed into the conditions that should be imposed on cloaked news as a technique of communication. On the government's part, there needs to be a clearer recognition of the limits to which this practice can go. No matter how compelling the exigencies, the press in a free society should not be turned into the government's propaganda instrument. A fine line has to be drawn between the diplomatic and the deceitful. Secretary Dulles went over that line when, during the Quemoy-Matsu crisis of August, 1958, he issued a public statement of official policy, then immediately afterward made more sweeping pronouncements to reporters on a not-for-attribution basis. He was transferring an unfair burden to the reporter.

THE MAIN RESPONSIBILITY in guarding against the misuse of counterintelligence, however, lies not with the government but with the press. Just as government must take the initiative in safeguarding its essential secrets, so the reporter must in the first instance decide what is proper and what is improper practice in the handling of the leak.

There are grounds for thoughtful review in this field. In his eagerness to get at the inside news, even the good reporter frequently loses the keen discrimination he shows in his more open reporting. As William S. White has written:

"Often reporters handle a leaked story with a solemn uncriticalness. The documents, or whatever, are ceremoniously produced for the public—which at times must scratch its

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head in perplexity as to what the devil they are all about. The motivation for the leak usually is not mentioned, although that may be the most significant part of the story."

The reporter himself is often guilty of deceit in the business of cloaking the news. He refers vaguely to "informed circles," implying a plurality of opinion when in fact he may be quoting the views of one person. He also plays up leaks with an importance they would not deserve if their sources were made known.

There is no reason why the rules for cloaked news cannot be made to fit more adequately the needs of honest reporting. For example, when anything of a highly controversial nature comes forth at a background session, the moratorium should be extended long enough to enable the reporter to check other sources. Few instances occur when anonymity need be carried to the point that the reporter must deliberately confuse his reader about what is being related. The reporter's first obligation is to present a clear and balanced story.

NO MATTER what improvements are made, however, this war of intelligence and counterintelligence is likely to remain one of the perplexing phenomena of the Washington scene. Though limits may be imposed on its excesses, there is no possibility of ever declaring a permanent truce. The conditions that give rise to it are basic to the American system of government and the free condition of American society. For the reporter, few hard and fast rules can be laid down to serve him as a permanent code of conduct. Instead, he must be governed in his daily work by his own best judgments. It is one more measure of the creative role he has to play in the political life of Washington. »»

'MANAGED' NEWS

WHEN JAMES RESTON appeared before the Moss Committee investigating "Availability of Information from Federal Departments and Agencies," he voiced an uneasiness felt by many:

"Most of my colleagues here have been talking primarily about the suppression of news. I would like to direct the committee, if I may, to an equally important aspect of this problem which I think is the growing tendency to manage the news. Let me see if I can illustrate what I mean:

"I think there was a conscious effort to give the news at the Geneva Conference [in 1955] an optimistic flavor. I think there was a conscious effort there, decided upon even perhaps ahead of time, for spokesmen to emphasize all the optimistic facts coming out of that conference and to minimize all of the quarrels at that conference. . . .

"After the Geneva Conference a decision was taken in the government that perhaps this was having a bad effect, that the people in the western countries were letting down their guard, and therefore a decision was made, primarily upon the appeal of Chancellor Adenauer of Germany, that the government should strike another note. So that after the Geneva smiling, the new word went out that it might be a good idea now to frown a little bit, so the President made a speech at Philadelphia, taking quite a different light about the Geneva Conference. That is what I mean by managing the news. And I would urge your committee to look into that a bit, because, while it is bad to suppress a bit of information, it would seem to me to be even worse if all of the news-making powers of the Federal government were to blanket the newspaper situation with the theme which perhaps they did not believe was quite true, but might be an instrument of their thought."

Ethics in Action

From time to time the reporter in Washington becomes uneasily aware of a developing technique among the politicians for giving shape and direction to the news. In 1953, for example, there were telltale signs to indicate that Attorney General Herbert Brownell's attack on former President Truman for "knowingly" promoting "a Communist spy," i.e., Harry Dexter White, was part of a carefully planned operation calculated to garner maximum publicity. Shortly before Brownell made the attack, the Republican National Committee had ordered fifty thousand reprints of a Senate Internal Security Committee report on "Interlocking Subversion" in which White's name was prominently mentioned. The timing of the attack itself was most delicate. Brownell made it in a speech before the Chicago Executives Club at approximately 12:30 P.M. Chicago time (1:30 in Washington). Advance texts of two other speeches he gave that day had been distributed to the press the preceding afternoon, but this one, ironically entitled "Ethics in Government," was held up until an hour before Brownell spoke. As a result there was no chance for reporters to alert Truman until the story began to move on the press wires and out over radio and television. When frantic calls reached him in Missouri, Mr. Truman had to answer fast if he wanted to get his statement into the afternoon papers along with Brownell's charges. Inevitably, he reacted too quickly. He said that he did not remember any FBI memorandum on White and that he had gotten rid of him when he found that White was "wrong." By four o'clock that afternoon (Washington time), Press Secretary Hagerty had called in reporters and made public the text of a Truman letter in 1947 accepting Harry Dexter White's "resignation" and praising him for his services. Hagerty did not bother to explain how a six-year-old letter had been dug out of the files so quickly—in plenty of time for the evening papers and newscasts.

The G.O.P. publicity director gave this reporter an account of what went on at the Republican National Committee that same afternoon: "We put four men on the telephone to alert members of Congress. Three placed simultaneous calls to Velde, Jenner, and McCarthy." Those three gentlemen, of course, were chairmen of the investigating committees and could be counted on to pick up the publicity ball and carry it for an indefinite

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period. A secret FBI memorandum on White and others was leaked to reporter Richard Wilson of the Cowles publications. Wilson reported its contents in a series of stories. (For this piece of enterprise, Wilson was later awarded a Pulitzer Prize.)

Despite the careful publicity planning, the White affair took a strange turnabout when Senator McCarthy demanded and got free time on a nation-wide radio and television hookup to answer a televised reply Truman had made to Brownell. Instead of answering Truman, however, McCarthy launched a biting attack on the Eisenhower administration for not being sufficiently tough on Communists. The whole episode with its farcical climax was a distasteful case study in the misuse of publicity.

THE WASHINGTON correspondent does not always know how to handle the "managed" news event, which he is expected to report while pretending to be blind to the props and staging devices. Too often, he tamely falls in with the purpose of the publicists. For a prolonged period, administration spokesmen were able to carry on a fantastic game of juggling the numbers of "security risk" dismissals in such a way as to create the impression that a wholesale cleanup of "subversives" in the government was taking place. Diligent reporters compiled documentary proof that the mounting totals furnished to them included a loose accumulation of resignations and dismissals on grounds other than security. But it was a complicated story, and most reporters were content to play it just the way the government spokesmen wished.

Manipulated news can also be used as an instrument against an administration. In 1954, Democratic National Chairman Stephen Mitchell suddenly accused Eisenhower's friend Bobby Jones of having conspired with the President on the golf course to destroy the Tennessee Valley Authority. Jones was supposedly an agent of a private power combine, Dixon-Yates, seeking to invade TVA. The particular charge was utterly without foundation. Yet because it was so sensational it succeeded in returning the Dixon-Yates story to the front pages and, as a direct consequence, revived interest in a lagging Congressional investigation. Once again an unsubstantiated attack served to trigger the publicity mechanisms and yield calculated results. The press was used as a vehicle for the transmission of managed news. A complex and important issue was reduced to an absurdity.

Mr. Hagerty at Work

A more subtle case study in the management of news is provided by the recent career of James Hagerty, who, in the opinion of an admiring critic, *Time* magazine, has been "by every standard the best—and most powerful—White House press secretary in U.S. history. . . Day in, day out, year in, year out, between Presidential speeches and press conferences, during Eisenhower's vacations and Eisenhower illnesses, Hagerty is the authentic voice of the White House and, to an extent rarely recognized, of the whole Administration."

With Washington reporters, and especially the group who are assigned on a continuous basis to the White House, Hagerty has proved thoroughly skilled and obliging in meeting the vexing demands of their business. He knows particularly well their nagging need to produce a steady flow of news. Twice a day and sometimes more he holds informal press conferences in a diligent effort to meet this need.

Hagerty has shown shrewd and farsighted judgment on occasion. When the President was stricken with his heart attack in 1955, passing along the word "Tell Jim to take over," the Press Secretary instituted a publicity operation remarkably candid in view of the grave situation. On the other hand, Hagerty is capable of rather subtle judgments in this business of public relations. Less than a year later, when Eisenhower was again hospitalized for the ileitis operation, the Press Secretary was not nearly so obliging to the press. "A Presidential heart attack is the property of the people," he explained afterward. "But we did not consider the ileitis something that endangered the President's life."

All these qualities may be considered virtues in the public-relations business. But an underlying suspicion that has disturbed a number of correspondents in Washington has been that Hagerty has carried these virtues too far. He has made of public relations an end in itself rather than a means to an end.

This was most apparent during the prolonged periods when the President has been ill or on vacations. As *Time* has since reported:

"Hagerty struggled valiantly and, to a point, successfully, in stressing work over play. He took with him on trips briefcases full of executive orders, appointments, etc., and parceled them out daily to make news under the Augusta or Gettysburg dateline. He encouraged feature stories on the Army Signal Corps' elaborate setup to keep Ike in close touch with Washington. He produced Cabinet members in wholesale lots (Does Hagerty really call for Cabinet members? Says he: 'Maybe sometimes I do'). He did anything and everything, in short, to keep the subjects of golf and fishing far down in the daily stories about the President."

HAGERTY has not been above hocus-pocus. Once, during an Eisenhower illness, he handed a visiting cabinet member a statement to read to reporters about how well the President was looking. The man had not yet been in to see the President.

The trouble is that Hagerty has so arranged the lights and shadows that he has distorted the public image of the President and, more importantly, of the Presidency itself. For prolonged periods, he has attracted public attention away from compelling problems of leadership with a succession of makeshift and inconsequential diversions. His skill has been so great that the editors of at least one major United States newspaper felt obliged to cut down the number of front-page stories coming out of the White House because they judged they were causing a false public impression of the President's activities.

The Hagerty-type operation, despite its technical proficiency, cannot substitute for having a responsible source of explanation at the highest level of government. In his management of news, Hagerty has

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in fact discouraged such explanation. He has rebuffed the reporter's attempts to approach other White House sources for briefings on important questions. The office of the President has become a no man's land for the reporter seeking guidance on major policies in flux. «»

THE NEWS AND THE TRUTH

WHEN, on rare occasions, he takes time to review his many mandates, the reporter in Washington is apt to be overwhelmed. His preparation of the news cannot help but be conditioned by the audiences for whom he writes. Amid competitive, ofttimes contradictory pressures he must somehow achieve equilibrium. And he must do it, usually in a hurry, while the waiting presses set the one unyielding pressure.

There is the audience composed of his sources, the various protagonists in the Washington arena, who read his copy with great care and sensitivity. The correspondent who intends to survive must be ever mindful of them. Even the most powerful reporter learns to ration his enemies. Too open an approach to the news can mean too many closed doors.

There is the audience of his bosses. Their cupidity and their influence have been berated and at times overrated. It varies, of course, from boss to boss. But a more continuous and compelling pressure upon the Washington correspondent comes from basic economic trends in the communications industry. News is big business. News is a commodity that must be purveyed to an ever-expanding audience by increasingly monopolistic distributors.

There is the audience of his readers—a frenetic group who, he is told, spend eighteen and a half minutes a day reading five columns of news, of which only one-eighth is international. The reader, it has been said, is the median man, destined, like Orphan Annie, never to grow an inch. To hold his attention, the reporter feels a gnawing compulsion to devise ever more resourceful ways of perfecting the "leads" and "angles" of his stories.

WHEN HE IS in a philosophical frame of mind, the Washington reporter asks himself whether news was ever meant to serve as the vehicle for communicating the "truth" about government. Many years ago, Walter Lippmann, while still a comparative newcomer to journalism, examined the proposition and reached a pessimistic conclusion. "If we assume . . . that news and truth are two words for the same thing, we shall, I believe, arrive nowhere," he wrote. The function of news, Lippmann pointed out, is "to signalize an event," whereas the function of truth is "to bring to light the hidden facts, to set them into relation with each other, and make a picture of reality on which men can act." Lippmann ridiculed the notion that the press, by acting upon everybody for a few minutes each twenty-four hours, "can create a mystical force called Public Opinion that will take up the slack in public institutions."

YET THIS is precisely the job that the Washington correspondent has been called upon to attempt. As the business of government has become more complicated, responsible reporters have felt a driving urge to expose the "hidden facts," to relate them, and to furnish a realistic picture of what is happening. It is a job that has to be done if the American system of government is to function properly.

The reporter knows that he has done his job well at times. On occasion, he has stimulated public controversy when even members of the opposition party have maintained a discreet silence. He has broken up petty conspiracies among politicians too long vested with arbitrary power. He has exposed the corruption that desire for power and, conversely, the careless use of power breeds. On the positive side, he has served as middleman and broker for important new ideas and policies. He, as much as anyone, has helped to keep Washington in healthy ferment.

Still, it comes as a shock to realize just how precarious is the base from which the responsible reporters in Washington operate. The constituency to which they communicate about the state of the nation is pitifully small compared, say, to the constituency of the television comedian or the comic-strip artist. Outside of Washington they are not big guys. Most are aware that they are allowed to operate not because of economic benefits they bring in but because their bosses believe that their work is in the public interest. They are aware, too, that concepts of the public interest can change radically.

FINALLY, the reporter in Washington has had to consider the subject matter with which he deals daily. He has watched politics—the stuff of his trade—explode like the now familiar mushroom cloud, engulfing economics, military strategy, and at last the worlds of nuclear and space science. He suspects darkly that somewhere along the way the essentials of a reporter's knowledge moved into a new order of magnitude. He looks back nostalgically to the time when the subjects government dealt with did not seem so alien or formidable to the gifted amateur.

This fantastic role the reporters play in Washington must be in large part self-directed. Yet they lack even a set of guiding principles commonly imposed within the press corps to satisfy the ethical exigencies. "Shyster lawyers can be disbarred, quack doctors can have their licenses revoked, and unworthy ministers can be unfrocked, but the newspaper profession had no method of dealing with black sheep," wrote a disgruntled critic about an earlier period in Washington. The profession has no such method even today.

But the good reporters are linked by a sense of the importance of what they are doing that compensates for all the low pay, long working hours, high tensions, and unending dilemmas of the business. "Above all reporting offers the sense of being *engagé* in the political process of one's own time," the brothers Alsop have remarked. It is only the very bad and unsuccessful reporter in Washington who does not share this sense.

(This is the second and final installment of "Government by Publicity.")

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The Great Car Fight

MICHAEL O'CONNELL

PROBABLY the most stupendous carfight (*corrida de carros*) in history took place in Los Angeles when Joelito ("Little Joel") Probolsky alternated with Manuel ("El Fenómeno") Jones in fighting six prime Idioblast 8s.

Both men were at the height of their fame, each representing a different school of carfighting. Joelito was the classicist, all control and purity of line, while El Fenómeno had perfected a flashy style chutneyed with embellishments. The chance to see these two great *carreros* together created an enormous demand for seats, and ticket scalpers by the hundreds migrated West from Broadway.

Joelito flew into Los Angeles the morning of the fight and went immediately to his hotel room to rest. He had not slept for two nights and still limped from a *cornada* received the week before in Boston when an apparently stalled *carro* had suddenly charged and run over his right foot. Shortly after noon George ("Jorge"), his old friend and sword handler, awakened him.

"How are the cars?" asked Joelito.

Jorge frowned and made a wide gesture. "Big as cathedrals."

Joelito shrugged, his young face impassive. "They always are." He began putting on his suit of lights. At four o'clock they entered the Los Angeles Plaza de Carros, formerly the L.A. Coliseum. A hundred and fifty thousand *aficionados* jammed the stands. In a passageway below, El Fenómeno greeted Joelito with a sardonic smile.

"The first is mine today," he said. "Watch me and learn how to fight a car."

Joelito spat casually in the dust at his feet. There was more than professional rivalry between them. People spoke of a girl . . .

A trumpet sounded. Joelito and El Fenómeno stepped out abreast from the shadow beneath the stands into a glare of sunlight and a tremendous roar from the crowd. In single file behind each came his *banderilleros* and *picadores* and, bringing up the rear, a team of tractors to haul away the dead cars. The ring cleared, the trumpet called again, and the crowd hushed.

A GATE OPENED, revealing the long dark tunnel leading to the pits, and from it shot a huge red automobile with the number 27 branded on its sides. This was probably the most fearsome sight in the world, a full-grown, fighting American *carro,* descendant of the small, underpowered machines that had once roamed the plains. Its razor-sharp tailfins glittered wickedly and the massive grille with ten headlights bumped along the ground as the car—directed by a shrewd little computer—raced around the ring throwing up clouds of sand.

Then El Fenómeno was in the ring. He flourished his cape, the *carro* charged him and was lured past, lumbered around in a huge circle, and charged again. Six times it rushed by in a series of elaborate *Valentine* passes, then stalled. El Fenómeno turned his back and slowly, arrogantly walked away. *"Olé!"* shouted the crowd.

"Pulls in his middle so the tailfins will miss," muttered Joelito cynically.

Picadores entered the ring, perched high on the seats of their skittish old jalopies. Foreigners considered this part cruel, but the jalopies were well padded and it was necessary to *pic* the *carro* to raise its hood for the final act so that the sword could reach the distributor. No. 27 charged well and upset one *picador.* Next *banderillas* were placed, those gaily colored sticks with the magnetic ends designed to correct any honking of the horns. A trumpet sounded for the final act.

El Fenómeno dedicated his car to the crowd, and the crowd applauded. He turned and let the car, rumbling now with renewed vigor, through a series of passes culminating in an *adorno* for which he was famous. As the car swept by he impaled a pink rose on the radio aerial and on the next pass plucked it out with his teeth. Then he lined up the

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carro with the red cloth, the *muleta,* aimed his sword, and plunged it into the hood. The *carro* gave a mighty blare from its horn and settled into the sand, dead. Thousands of handkerchiefs were waved by the crowd in approval and the judges awarded El Fenómeno a tailfin.

He passed Joelito after a triumphal tour of the ring. "Top that," he sneered.

THE MOMENT Joelito's first *carro* appeared he knew this would be impossible. It was a great sullen thing with a drooping grille and followed sluggishly when Jorge tested it with the first cape.

"Corners to the left," he told Joelito. "Watch this one. Treacherous."

Joelito cited it with his cape and the *carro* raced its motor, but refused to move. Joelito moved closer, directly in front of the grille, and suddenly the car lunged. Beautifully he pivoted and let it past with the cape, but after turning it again stopped cold and stood there with both directional lights blinking malevolently. With all his skill, taking fantastic chances, Joelito forced it to charge; each time was like pulling teeth.

The crowd grew restless. "This is carfighting?" bellowed a bull voice. "Send him back to the motor scoots!"

Only a chunky moon-faced man whose face was ringed with a beard like white wires seemed to understand and roared *"Olé!"* in a Cuban accent after each pass. *Picadores* and *banderilleros* could do nothing with the *carro* either. Joelito decided to try for a quick kill and hope the next was better. He coaxed it through another pass, brandished the *muleta,* and went in over the hood between the bumper guards, as always, to kill bravely and well.

The car slammed into his chest, knocked him flat, and raced away. Wheels missed, thought Joelito numbly, and staggered to his feet. The unspeakable *carro* was leaning against the barrier, oil dripping slowly from its crankcase. Joelito got a new sword, kicked the monster contemptuously between the tailfins until it turned, and finished it off with one stroke.

A low mooing of boos surrounded Joelito as he limped out of the ring. Jorge was shaking his fist at the crowd and cursing. "Fools! Baseball fans!"

He helped Joelito to the infirmary. While the carfighter shrugged off the doctor's probings they could hear a great sea of *"Olés!"* echoing above. El Fenómeno had them again. They returned to the ring to see him make another triumphant circuit, this time holding aloft two tailfins.

He spotted Joelito and smirked. "Ho, amateur! Want me to take your next *carro?"* In one smooth motion Joelito had a sword out of its case and the glittering point just touching his rival's tie. "El Fenómeno," he said quietly, "you talk too much."

A TRUMPET CALL interrupted. Across the ring a wicked-looking five-toned job shot out of the opening. Joelito waved aside his assistant and stepped into the ring, spread the cape across the sand and knelt on both knees beside it. If it was corn they wanted, *maíz,* they'd get it. The *carro* charged, was on top of him, and at the last instant he flared the cape, without moving his position, and it roared past. This was the daring *paso de los fenders.*

Nine times he passed the ferocious car without moving his knees, then sprang up, planted his feet and executed eighteen perfect *stationarios* without even moving the cape.

The plaza rocked to such cries of *"Olé!"* that the famous Los Angeles smog was blown out to sea. Joelito placed his own *banderillas,* first breaking the sticks so that they were only two inches long. After the *picadores* he led the car through a terrifying series of *Valencias,* working so close that after each pass his shirt front was smeared with streaks of Duco.

A vast stillness fell as he took the sword and profiled for the kill. This could be the climax of a great *faena* or a possibly fatal disgrace. It was, as Americans say, the instant of know-how. The *carro* and Joelito moved forward at the same time, blended, and when they separated the sword handle protruded from the hood and the car was giving its last honk. A frenzy of cheers and waving handkerchiefs filled the stands and Joelito was awarded both tailfins, all four wheels, and the air-conditioning unit.

When the trumpet sounded for El Fenómeno's last *carro,* his face turned ashen. The only way he could top Joelito was to get himself killed, and from the looks of the behemoth across the ring that was going to be a cinch. The result of decades of inbreeding on the testing grounds of Detroit, it was a wide-screen nightmare with fourteen headlights, Moby Dick tailfins rising to needle points, and baroque grillwork so massive that the front tires mushed along permanently flattened.

It emitted a feral blast from its horns and charged straight across the ring, crashed through the barrier, plowed thirty feet under the stands, reversed itself through the debris, roared along the same path back across the ring, and did the same thing on the other side. The fact struck Joelito and El Fenómeno simultaneously. This was the carfighter's dream, a *carro* that ran on rails, straight as a train.

Indeed, as the brute thundered across the ring for the third time, they perceived that it *couldn't* turn. The ability to corner had been eliminated.

THEN El Fenómeno did a generous, a noble thing.

"Amigo," he said, "this *carro* was not meant for one man. I invite you to share the glory."

Joelito showed surprise. "What will our little Carmen think if I join in your *faena?"*

El Fenómeno winced as the halberd-blade tailfins sliced past again. "What does she know of carfighting? Besides, her feet are too big."

Joelito vaulted into the ring, the *carro* roaring back toward him (his impeccable sense of protocol had left the front end for El Fenómeno), and he passed it with a splendid *Barcelona.* El Fenómeno took it with the

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same pass, executed a bit more in the Hollywood manner. They went through all fifty-three passes in the standard repertoire, each done once by Joelito facing the tailfins and El Fenómeno facing the grille. The crowd was hysterical. Women swooned or tossed intimate garments into the ring.

Then El Fenómeno invented the *paso de crane* (standing one-legged with other foot behind the ears). Joelito retaliated with *la Cleopatra* (reclining full length on the sand, head supported by right hand); El Fenómeno came back with *el ostrich* (an obvious pose, but daring to the point of folly), and Joelito, inspired, floored him—and himself—with *el tower de Pisa* (standing so close that the wheels rolling over his toes enabled him to lean back at a gravity-defying angle).

After this pass the *carro* moved only a few feet past Joelito, then reversed and crept forward to a point midway between the fighters, and stopped.

"Hoo, *carro!*" coaxed El Fenómeno, flapping his cape and racking his brains for a new pass. "Hoo!"

But something was going on inside the monster. A strange straining sound arose amid the whir of racing servomechanisms. Joelito and El Fenómeno questioned each other with their eyes. At that instant, with a great wild wrench of metal, the *carro* tore itself in two and each half dashed upon an astonished carfighter. There was no time to move, in a second it was all over. Hundreds leaped into the ring to carry the crumpled *carreros* to the infirmary.

The halves of the *carro,* tilted like carts on their two wheels, expired from overexertion, and the judges awarded the carfighters an entire half apiece, showing exquisite tact in granting to each the half that had gored his rival.

THIS AWARD, which turned out to be prehumous, had an odd result. When the two carfighters limped out of the hospital and received their half cars, they had another idea simultaneously. Just add a couple of wheels and one or two other little things, and one would have a *carro* that might not be too big for people to ride in.

CHANNELS

Real, Live People

MARYA MANNES

THE BEST FUN of this television season has been talk, and the best talk this year has been on CBS's "Small World," followed at some paces by WNTA's "Open End."

Audience fondness for such talk is now admitted—and gratified—by sponsors. But I suspect that what is said and heard is secondary to the novel pleasure of watching people be themselves. You can go through a whole day's TV spectrum without this experience; seeing, instead, actors being doctors, models being housewives, and horses being extras. So when you watch a bunch of crumpled people slouching around a table interrupting each other, or a woman in London getting really mad at a man in New York, you find yourself mesmerized. Real people! Real, live people!

What's more, the cathode ray doesn't lie. The camera lens can—and usually does—make people homelier and older than they are (a matter of lights and angle), or give a flat little puss face an interest invisible to the naked eye. But the deeper nature comes through, startlingly. Thus, in "Small World," every Sunday brought revelation or confirmation. The talk of Maria Callas, for instance, was all sweetness and light, but the panther lurked behind the banalities. The face of Han Suyin was of such subtle, ordered Eurasian beauty that you no longer wondered at the passions in her books; and Ingrid Bergman's was of such radiant and healthy intelligence that the purse-mouthed critics of her morality shriveled, in retrospect, to sheer absurdity.

The faces of Sir Norman Birkett and Joseph Welch and Suzanne Blum (the daughter of Léon Blum), exalted the law as much as their words did; the faces of Artur Rubinstein and the Polish poet Slonimski were arguments for the artist's life. And when Adlai Stevenson and Barbara Ward and Edward Crankshaw discussed the world across the waters, their reason and clarity threw the standard postures of official leadership into even more painful focus.

There were special surprises in "Small World," too. Who would have thought that anyone could have outtalked Aneurin Bevan and left him in sputtering impotence? Well, the wily and monolithic West German minister of defense, Herr Strauss, did just that. Who would have thought that Victor Borge, of infinite verbal and musical improvisation, would have been muted by the mannered jocularities of Sir Thomas Beecham and the relentless flow of Madame Callas? As for the clobbering of Joseph Alsop by Han Suyin, that was history; for the Asian writer caught the American columnist in statements about her China which were so sweeping in their assumptions and so dubious in their analogies that her indignation seemed amply justified. Tempers rose sharply in that session: Han Suyin's at Alsop's arrogance, Alsop's at her scorn, Sir Robert Boothby's at his inability to get a word in edgewise. It was a great show.

It was also a relief to hear Europeans speaking of Communism and Communists without coupling a full awareness of their evils with that categorical, emotion-charged denunciation which most Americans equate with patriotism. Miss Bergman, in speaking of blacklisting in movies, said: "I worked long enough in Italy and France to know that half of the people I worked with, if not more, are Communists, and we think nothing of it." It is significant of our own stock attitudes that the *Herald Tribune* headlined these remarks with "INGRID BERGMAN DEFENDS REDS WORKING IN MOVIES."

THE STRENGTH of "Small World" lies, of course, with the exceptional stature of the talkers and in

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the fact that there are never more than three; with Ed Murrow's quiet but canny control; and with a production technique that permits spontaneity and directness to triumph over the immensely complicated electronic ganglia required to blend the remarks and reactions of people in widely separated studios into a cohesive whole.

"Open End" has no such problems. It is now taped by the WNTA-TV studios in New York, where producer David Susskind—himself highly articulate—collects other articulate characters and lets them talk on Sunday from ten till midnight. Sometimes they turn out a good show, sometimes they don't. When "Open End" falters it is usually because there are too many people, of whom the more aggressive get the floor while the polite gasp for an opening. It can also get very diffuse. For although one of the charms of such a show is just this flexibility, this absence of formula and minute hand, talk has to be pretty good to sustain excitement without direction. I don't know about others, but for me this merciless lake of light, the converging camera monsters with their blind eyes, the outer darkness and the invisible outer listening world (who are they? where are they?) make thought and expression arduous. The effort of attention—what are they saying? how will I react?—can take physiological form in a hot head and cold hands, and the words that do come out ring with inadequacy. That is why a more definite formula, like "The Last Word," is a great help. Instead of stumbling through a maze of abstractions you are given a specific problem to be specifically dealt with. You are subjected also, in Bergen Evans, not only to a firm monitor but to an emery board. There is something to be said for an immoderator.

Because Susskind is inventive both with words and people, "Open End" has made stimulating explorations of theater and television (one early session with TV writers was quite explosive) and of foreign affairs, on which a recent group of foreign correspondents made the most—and most lively—sense. Patrick O'Donovan of the London *Observer* provided much of this rare commodity, taking no trouble to conceal his vast impatience with the lack of imagination and initiative paralyzing western governments in general. It is too bad that WNTA doesn't reach Washington.

THIS KIND of talk—in "Small World," in "Open End"—is good. Even better, perhaps, is the single wise human being speaking. I am thinking of Edith Hamilton on NBC's "Wisdom," where that great ninety-two-year-old scholar of Greek and Roman civilizations gave an interview of such grandeur and truth that she brought talk to its highest point. And I am thinking of Eleanor Roosevelt, in the same series, speaking with a humility, a dignity, and a reason that could fail to move only the very small and the very closed.

MOVIES

Gall, Milk, and Honey

JAY JACOBS

THERE IS SO MUCH that is first-rate about Dore Schary's *Lonelyhearts* that it demands judgment by a set of standards which are, ultimately, far too strenuous. The United Artists release, which was written and produced by Mr. Schary, is based on Nathanael West's pessimistic parable on the failure of the myths and dreams men live by, *Miss Lonelyhearts,* in which, as you may remember, a conscience-stricken newspaper hack begins to take seriously his job as oracle to the lovelorn and the soul-sick, and to seek meaningful answers to their pathetic plaints "stamped from the dough of suffering with a heart-shaped cookie cutter."

Lonelyhearts is a serious picture—a good deal more solemn, in fact, than West's novel, the grimness of which was relieved by some of the best comic writing this country has produced—and, in many respects, a superior one. The dialogue, though at times a bit too self-consciously egghead-oriented, is a lot more intelligent than anything American moviegoers have been conditioned to expect, and at one point the hero even manages to toss off a six-syllable word without making any great fuss about it. "Prestidigitation" is not the most impressive noun in the language, but it marks an improvement on the Me-Tarzan-You-Jane school of scenario writing.

The director, Vincent J. Donehue, who demonstrates in his first film that he is the best of his breed to come along in the last few years, has assembled and made the most of an extraordinarily good cast. It is headed by Montgomery Clift, whose strangely hesitant, almost tremulous performance I found sensitively shaded and completely ingratiating. Robert Ryan is excellent as the cynical editor, Shrike, who gets his kicks by tormenting his wife (played competently by Myrna Loy) and his employees. Dolores Hart, as Miss Lonelyhearts' betrothed, is sweet and winning in a part that, through no fault of hers, would have turned West's stomach, and Jackie Coogan (bald and bay-windowed!), Mike Kellin, Frank Maxwell, and Onslow Stevens are uncommonly good in subordinate roles. As Kay Doyle, a correspondent with whom Miss L. gets too personally involved, Maureen Stapleton is absolutely convincing in a difficult part that if less expertly handled might easily have collapsed into caricature.

WHILE it is probably not fair to judge a film on anything but its own merits, the parts of *Lonelyhearts* are so much better than the whole that the picture inevitably invites comparison with the novel, if only to find out where it went astray. In most cases where book-based movies fall short of the literature that inspires them, the fault lies in a prevailing—and probably unavoidable—tendency to flatten and oversimplify

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characterizations and conflicts that are considerably more rounded and more intricate in the original medium. In *Lonelyhearts,* however, many of its shortcomings are the result of a curious, gratuitous attempt to lard West's finely wrought, remarkably spare story with all sorts of complexities it didn't originally have or need. We are repeatedly treated to explanations of Shrike's behavior (he was deprived of the esteem of his schoolmates by a football injury; his wife, years ago, broke the Seventh Commandment while sozzled) that would have some point in a play by Tennessee Williams but are superfluous here. Similarly, the new Miss Lonelyhearts is given a much more elaborate heritage than the original had. Where in the novel his father was a clergyman barely mentioned in passing, he now turns out to be the murderer of his faithless wife and her lover, a fact that Miss L. is unable to contemplate in complete tranquillity since, for all he knows, blood being as thick as it is, he may be a chip right off the old block.

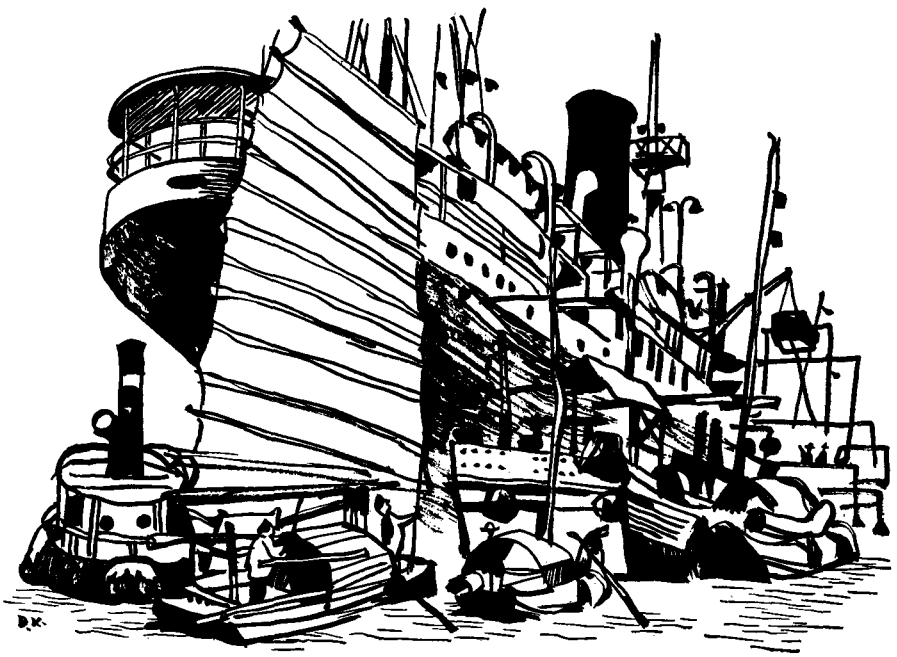
The reason for these embellishments is that Mr. Schary found West's original material a good deal harsher than anything he adjudged fit fare for his audiences. Unfortunately, in attempting to make it more palatable, he became so preoccupied with the sauce that he allowed most of the meat to burn away.

WEST, in two remarkable sentences in an early chapter, more or less set the tone of his book:

"He stepped away from the bar and accidentally collided with a man holding a glass of beer. When he turned to beg the man's pardon, he received a punch in the mouth."

To use an outlook as wry as West's as the foundation for a film that culminates in a puerile boy-gets-girl fade-out, in which wormwood and gall miraculously turn to milk and honey, is to ask too much of any audience—and especially of an audience that has already been conceded a good deal of intelligence.

And yet, so much good work has gone into making *Lonelyhearts* that one is left almost wishing the same people would give it another whirl —this time without pulling that punch.



BOOKS

Through Eastern Eyes

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE OPIUM WAR THROUGH CHINESE EYES, by Arthur Waley. *Macmillan. $4.75.*

In 1800 both China and Japan—the China of the Manchus, the Japan of the Shoguns – had long been "closed" countries. Fear of western conquest through Jesuit missions had driven them into studied isolation. But in the middle of the nineteenth century the western powers decided to end this isolation, to "open them up." And so they did. Not with Jesuits but with gunboats, Lord Palmerston set to work on China and Commodore Perry on Japan. By 1860 the process was complete. The "closed" centuries were over. Two ancient societies had dissolved; and out of their dissolution, two new societies would afterwards be born.

Hitherto we have generally, and naturally, watched this process through western eyes. This is unfortunate; for westerners, who had never seen China and Japan in their native strength, at that moment witnessed them, almost for the first time, in their decay. Consequently they looked upon them with complacency and contempt. But now Arthur Waley has done something that will redress the balance. The most distinguished, most perceptive translator of Chinese literature, who is also a writer of clean and lucid English prose, has here presented the first stage of the Chinese collapse as seen from China. He does this by viewing, through Chinese diaries, that Anglo-Chinese war of 1839-1842 which is conveniently known as the Opium War.

Of course the war was not entirely about opium: the issues were considerably more complex than that. To begin with, there was the novel relationship of the two governments, brought into direct contact through the abolishment of the East India Company's monopoly of the Chinese trade. It was a difficult form of contact, since the Manchu Heavenly Court disdained the gross business of trade and had no diplomatic relations with barbarians; it only deigned to accept "tribute." Then there were problems of jurisdiction: the Chinese courts applied

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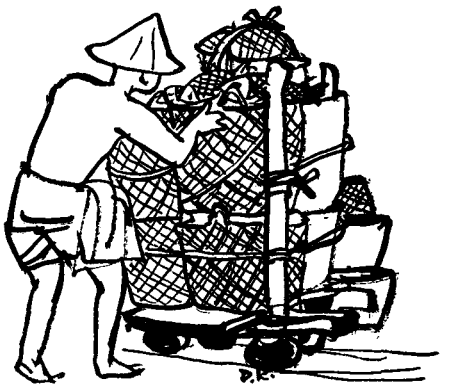
what the British considered barbarous forms of retributive justice. And finally there was the general incomprehension of unrelated civilizations kept artificially apart by the "closed centuries." Nevertheless opium was a very real ingredient in the problem, for it had come to be the principal, if illicit, export from India to China. The Indian finances and the import of China tea to England both indirectly depended on it. And in Canton, far from Peking, further from London, the vested interests of the opium traders and the opium smokers had grown inveterate and powerful under blind and distant eyes.

The first part of Mr. Waley's book is an account of the rule at Canton of Lin Tse-hsü, the imperial commissioner and governor general of Kiangnan and Kiangsi, whose actions precipitated the war and gave him temporary fame in Madame Tussaud's Waxworks Gallery in London. Commissioner Lin was a high-minded, scholarly, even pedantic man, much given (like the English evangelical opium smugglers) to religious observance and pious ejaculation. In times of crisis he would calm his nerves by calligraphy, or by studying examination reports, or by writing complicated poems in obsolete language. He was also a serious-minded reformer. He believed that opium smoking was wicked and degrading and ought to be effectually suppressed. He had already himself suppressed it in the interior of China, and now, with imperial support, he was determined to stop it at the source: the import of foreign opium at Canton. And he said so fearlessly, in sharp, homiletic tones. In all this Commissioner Lin appears as an admirable character, very different from the indolent, decadent, venal Chinese officials of English mercantile literature. In fact he was not very different from certain stiff, classically educated, Protestant, reforming, Whig, English governors.

UNFORTUNATELY Commissioner Lin had one serious fault: his judgment was bad. Moreover, like many reformers, he supposed that if the need for reform was clear, its application would be simple—especially if, as in this case, China could



play from strength. For while China, being self-sufficient, did not need foreigners, foreigners needed China. Would they not all die of constipation without Chinese rhubarb? Consequently—since beggars cannot be choosers—they must take what they were given. The Heavenly Court would confiscate all stocks of opium, send "instructions" to Queen Victoria, and the infamous trade would wither away. Fortified by these convictions, Lin duly confiscated both foreign and Chinese opium, and having invoked the Spirit of the Sea, and having advised it to tell the creatures of the water to keep away from the coming pollution, he had the opium all tipped into the estuary of Canton. He then drafted "instructions" for the English queen and sat down to await results.

The results were not what he expected. In fact, the Chinese were determined to get their opium, the foreigners to supply it. The Cantonese officials were in league with the trade, and anyway it was easy to bypass Canton and the governor. Moreover, the opium question was soon complicated by another matter. In a scuffle with drunken English sailors a Chinese peasant was killed, or died. Lin at once demanded "the murderer," or at least an Englishman who could be punished as such. Thereupon the question of extraterritoriality arose. In the end Palmerston acted. British warships arrived. Towns were bombarded, islands seized, ships sunk. The Opium War had begun.

Having made themselves felt at Canton, the British warships moved up the China coast to make themselves felt in Peking. The emperor dismissed Lin, fetched out a deaf old general as a savior of society, and gave orders that the barbarians be

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"annihilated." The second part of this book shows us, from Chinese diaries, "what it felt like to be suddenly subjected to the onslaught of these early Victorian Vikings." Sometimes this is moving; more often, I am afraid, it is diverting, even farcical. The invincible Manchu court gave its orders, but the antique Chinese world, so unmilitary, so sympathetic, failed to respond. There were armies of Excellencies and four hundred rival strategic plans, but few soldiers. There were threats of "annihilation" and premature triumphs but no actual victories; for the Chinese general's real gift was for painting "in the ink-blob style": "The day," we are told, "was hardly long enough to meet the demand" for his work. And there were lavish distributions of golden hat buttons for daring but imaginary exploits. It was a pity, for instance, that the ingenious plan of discharging nineteen monkeys, equipped with firecrackers, on to the English ships in the hope of firing the powder stores, proved ineffective. It was a pity, too, that certain inspiring reports proved untrue, such as that "His Excellency dived into the sea, and swimming under water made holes in the bottoms of the ships, sinking two of them." More authentic was the voice of the philosophical diarist of Shanghai. "Strictly speaking," he admitted, "when a city falls, one ought to die fighting," but in fact, "since all the officials fled long ago, even if I were to seek death at the hands of the enemy, there would be no one to report upon it." This was conclusive, so the diarist contented himself with "finding excuses for myself and scribbling 'Oh dear, oh dear!' in the air." Soon afterwards the war was over. It ended with treaty ports for trade, extraterritorial rights, and the British lodged in Hong Kong.

COULD IT have been otherwise? If the generals had been less good at painting and better at strategy, if the monkeys had found the powder store, if His Excellency had really pierced and sunk the ships . . . ? "No generalship, however talented or experienced," says Mr. Waley, "could have made the course of events go differently." British organization, firepower, and steamships were, in the circumstances, invincible. And

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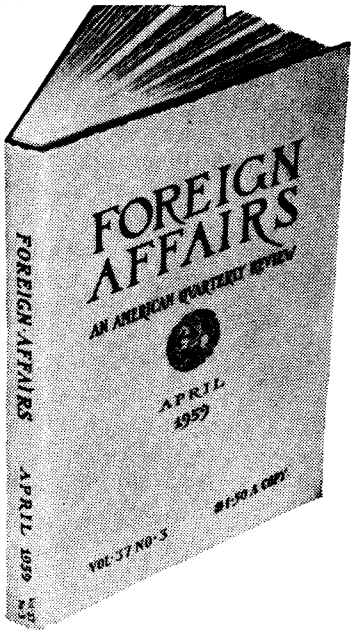

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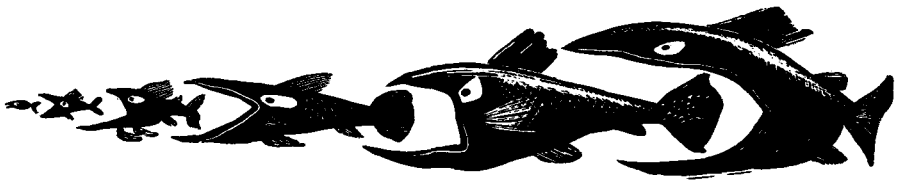
yet was everything inevitable? When all allowances have been made, there still stands out from this record one inescapable fact: the incredible Chinese complacency. At every point it emerges. Commissioner Lin was delighted with the Chinese fleet. "A vast display of imperial might," he wrote as he looked at it, "has shaken all the foreign tribes. If they now confess their guilt, we shall not be too hard on them." The British steamers, he assured the emperor, were useless. Nor was Lin alone. When the British ships sailed boldly inland at Chinkiang, the Chinese were confident that it could only be a trap: "Our forces would fall on them unawares and the whole ugly tribe would be annihilated." How different from the attitude of the Japanese a decade later! They reacted at once. In consequence they became westernized according to a nineteenth-century European pattern. The Chinese postponed that reaction till the next century. By then the pattern had changed. Thanks, indirectly, to that fatal complacency, they have now sought military and industrial power by imitating not the Kaiser but Stalin, not capitalist Germany but Communist Russia. «»



The Prince of Erie

ROBERT BINGHAM

JIM FISK: THE CAREER OF AN IMPROBABLE RASCAL, by W. A. Swanberg. *Scribner. $4.50.*

"The opportunity to get rich is here today for everyone. . . . It is your duty to get rich!" This passionate invocation of the profit motive, offering both hope to the impoverished and rectitude to the wealthy, was the basic theme of an immensely popular sermon called "Acres of Diamonds," which the Reverend Russell H. Conwell was called upon to deliver no less than six thousand times during that fullest flowering of free enterprise which took place in this country during the decades after the Civil War. The rewards were indeed great for those who dutifully answered opportunity's knock. And in a little more than one generation they transformed the economy of an entire continent, bursting with resources far more valuable than diamonds, from one of agriculture and small mercantilism to one of heavy industry, establishing the patterns of big business that have wrought what less fortunate nations now envy as the American Way of Life. For better or for worse, it is no exaggeration to say that we have thus all been enriched, albeit in markedly differing degrees, by the application of Conwell's rather primitive brand of positive thinking.

But while Carnegie's steel, Rockefeller's oil, and James J. Hill's railroads were and remain palpable economic realities, there was, as President Grant astutely remarked, "a certain amount of fictitiousness about the prosperity of the country." James Fisk, Jr., of whom W. A. Swanberg has now presented the first adequate full-length biography, left no monument. Unlike most of the less popular new millionaires of the nineteenth century, Fisk built nothing but a fortune for himself and gave society no gift more enduring than the fun of watching him spend it.

AFTER A VALUABLE apprenticeship as a circus roustabout, a peddler in the back roads of his native Vermont, and a morale booster for the boarders at his father's temperance hotel in Brattleboro, Fisk got his first taste of really big money during the Civil War, arranging government contracts in what a more sophisticated age has called the gray market. After the war, young Fisk moved on to the scene of his greatest triumphs, Wall Street, where he was inevitably drawn into collaboration with two men whose genius for distilling hard cash out of economic fiction even surpassed his own: Jay Gould and Daniel Drew.

Between 1850 and 1890, while the country's population was tripling, invested capital increased nineteenfold. Fortunately, most of it found its way more or less directly into the actual expansion of industrial facilities. But a good deal of it represented nothing more tangible than a desire to turn a quick profit on a rise in the price of securities, with little or no regard for the underlying corporate realities. The sour and pious Drew was among the first of our great business leaders to make intelligent use of the fact that many optimists are bound to be disappointed by the actions of the stock market; as his two younger colleagues were quick to apprehend, it is often easier to get rich on a falling market than on a rising one, especially if forceful steps are taken to make sure that prices go down.

These three imaginative entrepreneurs got control of the Erie Railroad and contrived to manipulate the price of its stock with such masterful precision, mainly by the issuance of new shares at strategic moments, that they soon had even the redoubtable Commodore Vanderbilt bellowing in helpless, baffled rage. Fisk, as Mr. Swanberg notes, defended the transformation of blank sheets of paper into certificates worth from fifty to seventy-five dollars each as "the freedom of the press." Vanderbilt, defending his own freedom to control all railroad traffic between New York and Buffalo, demanded protection from the forces of law and order. But in Boss Tweed's day the decisions of New York judges were a marketable commodity, available with complete and democratic impartiality to anyone who could pay the price. In these circumstances, legal injunctions could be effectively enforced only by the deployment of private armies, and Fisk, as the Erie's

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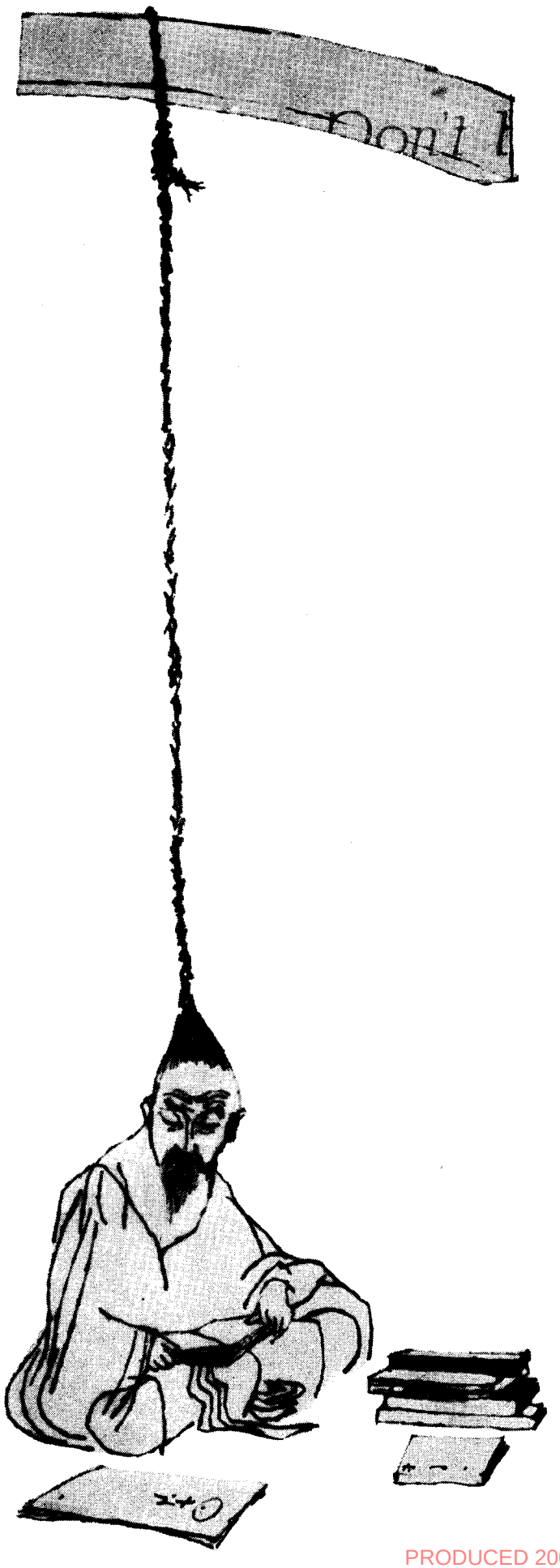

HE GREAT Chinese scholar Sun Ching used to tie his pigtail to a ceiling beam to prevent himself from dozing over his books.

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director of operations, was a master of the arts of feint, withdrawal, and surprise attack. Only once did his troops fail to win a clear-cut victory in battle; it was a minor engagement in which Fisk was attempting to incorporate a local branch rail line into the Erie system, and he might well have succeeded if it had not been for the intervention of the state militia. Fisk took his defeat philosophically: "Nothing is lost save honor."

OLD DREW'S prize pupils, Fisk and Gould, soon found even that brilliant financier's methods too stodgy and old-fashioned for their tastes. Gould persuaded Fisk that there could be both pleasure and profit in a little scheme he had worked out to corner the nation's supply of gold. Success in this undertaking depended on ensuring that the Federal government would not spoil things by putting any significant amount of its own gold reserves on the market. But even that did not seem impossible. Back in those days there were certain individuals with access to the Executive branch who were willing to peddle their influence in exchange for a modest percentage of the consequent gains. Gould and Fisk contrived to get the ear of President Grant himself through the good offices of his brother-in-law, one Abel Rathbone Corbin. Apparently the fix was in. But although the general had not turned to politics until fairly late in his career, Grant was not as dumb as he looked. On September 24, 1869, a day that was to go down in history as "Black Friday," the President ordered Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell to sell gold. Hundreds of speculators were ruined, and even the two instigators of the disaster were disappointed. Fisk complained that what with one thing and another, his total profit out of the affair was a paltry nine million.

BY AND LARGE, the so-called Robber Barons of the nineteenth century were an ascetic, humorless lot. Rockefeller's banker, James Stillman, spoke for many of them when he complained, "I have never in my life done anything I wanted, and cannot now." Perhaps one reason, aside from his innumerable unpublicized charities, why the public tended to forgive Jim Fisk for letting the Erie Railroad fall into a dangerous and occasionally fatal state of disrepair lay in the voracious enjoyment the fat clown with his carefully waxed mustaches obviously derived from his flagrant misappropriation of funds that should have been used, among other things, to replace the shaky old iron rails with new steel ones. "No, Uncle, there isn't any hope for Jim Fisk," he cheerfully told the psalm-singing Drew one day. "I'm having a good time now, and if I've got to pay for it hereafter, why I suppose it's no more than fair shakes, and I'll take what's coming to me. As for the vain pomp and glory of the world, I have covetous desires of the same."

He installed Erie's business offices, along with its printing press, in a lavishly decorated opera house on west Twenty-third Street, where the tired businessman could seek distraction from the mundane cares of finance among a harem of cancan dancers. (The building still stands, now housing a bowling alley, a Whelan's drugstore, and an RKO movie theater, where a recent feature was a picture called *Money, Women and Guns.*) Fisk loved to accouter his corpulent figure in dashing uniforms, and made himself both admiral of a fleet of ferry boats and colonel of the Ninth Regiment of the New York National Guard. (He accepted the latter post on the condition that it would not involve too much horseback riding: "I'm like one of our Erie's locomotives," he explained. "I always have a tender behind.") When he went abroad in the world he could choose among six handsome rigs and fifteen horses, each of which had a canary in its stall to brighten leisure hours. For his own leisure hours Fisk maintained, in a graciously appointed brownstone just down the street from the opera house, a brightly feathered pet of a different sort named Josie Mansfield.

Even the buffoon had his semi-tragic flaw, and it was the mercenary Miss Mansfield who succeeded where the giants of Wall Street had failed in destroying the open-hearted Fisk. Not satisfied with the generous tokens of esteem Fisk had showered upon her, Josie, acting upon the ad-

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MAN FOR HIMSELF propounds the challenging thesis that not only is it the duty of modern psychology to debunk false ethical judgments, but to build new ethical norms for conduct. It is a safe bet that this book will both kindle your imagination and shake a number of your conventional beliefs. "Magnificent in implications, a new trend in the study of man makes its first appearance in these pages." We quote from the *Saturday Review.*

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All of the above are books that Rinehart & Company has had the privilege of publishing — but we would also like to call your attention to the widespread acclaim for Dr. Fromm's new book, *Sigmund Freud's Mission,* published by Harper's. You will find all of his works at most bookstores.

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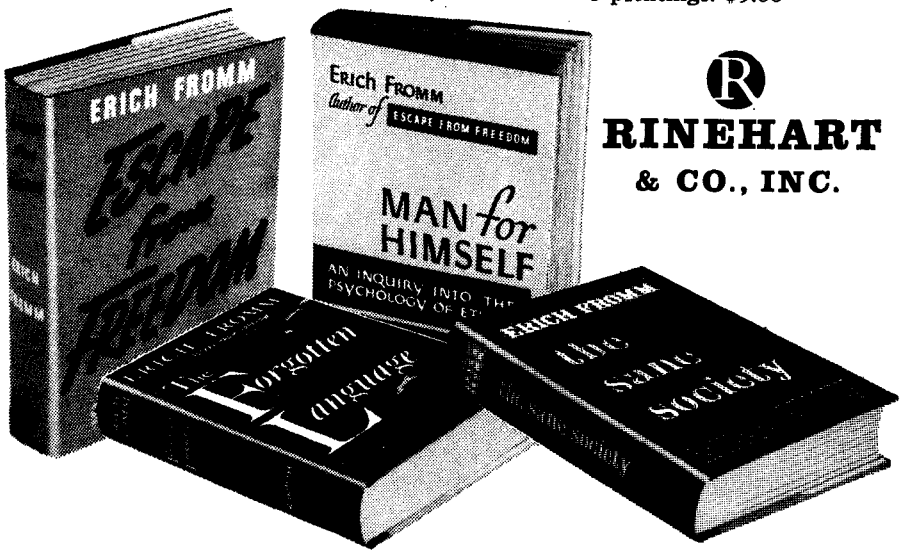

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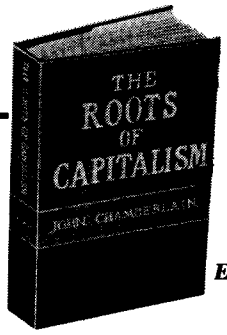

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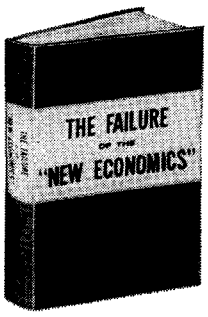

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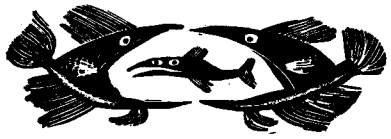
vice of a minor business associate of Fisk's named Edward S. Stokes, tried to blackmail the Prince of Erie by threatening to publish their private correspondence. She suggested to the press that the letters contained not only embarrassingly frank expressions of his high regard for her but a number of damaging business secrets as well. Actually, they contained nothing of much interest on either count, and Fisk's friends advised him to disarm the enemy by giving the letters to the newspapers himself. Fisk refused: ". . . by the Lord, this is my *heart* that you want me to make a show of, and I won't." It was not of course his own privacy that concerned him primarily: in spite of everything, he seems throughout his life to have cherished a profound filial affection and respect for his wife, whom he saw almost never. When Josie made the mistake of suing him for the improbable offense of damaging her good name, Fisk fought back, and for perhaps the first time in a court of law he obviously had a strong case to make. He was determined to ruin both his former mistress and the new regular caller at the house he had bought and furnished for her. The patrician Stokes, enraged to find himself in the power of a common mucker, shadowed Fisk to the Grand Central Hotel, where he had gone to pay a call on some friends of his wife's the afternoon of January 6, 1872, and put two bullets into the ample target.

FOR REASONS that the preachers and editorial writers were at a loss to explain, the assassination of Jim Fisk at the age of thirty-six shocked and saddened the nation to a degree that even called forth blasphemous comparisons with another assassination that had taken place seven years earlier. The New York *Times* unbent to the extent of conceding that "there was a grandeur of conception about his rascalities which helps to lift him above the vulgar herd of scoundrels."

But there was surely something else that set Fisk apart--his utter lack of hypocrisy in an age when so many of those who were in a position to define the ethics of society were not content to let the public rewards of economic self-interest be judged on their own considerable merits, but felt called upon to suggest, with the Reverend Mr. Conwell, that the ability to lay up riches on this earth was a sure sign of election to eternal grace. Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts erased all vexing distinctions between that which was Caesar's and that which was God's: "In the long run it is only to the man of morality that wealth comes. . . . Godliness is in league with riches." The devout Rockefeller, for all his modesty, saw things pretty much the same way: "The good Lord gave me my money and how could I withhold it from the University of Chicago?" Henry Ward Beecher further refined the prevailing doctrine with the argument that "God has intended the great to be great and the little to be little." That being the case, it obviously behooved the little to be content with their lot. But George F. Baer, president of the Philadelphia and Reading Company, was able to offer reassurance on this point: "The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for by the Christian men to whom God has given control of the property rights of the country."

The moral decay inherent in this debasement of Calvinism was surely among the highest—and least necessary—of the prices we paid for industrialization. Political corruption and social injustice have proved much easier to repair. We were lucky enough to be able to afford most of that. (We could even afford Jim Fisk.) And in comparison with the prices our Communist contemporaries have paid and are still paying for sudden industrialization, the anarchic methods of the Robber Barons stand out as both more efficient and more humane.

But although the moral complacency of wealth is rarely to be found as a personal characteristic any more, it seems to have worked its way insidiously into the image of the nation as a whole, at least in the eyes of the rest of the world. And for that we must go on paying for some time to come.



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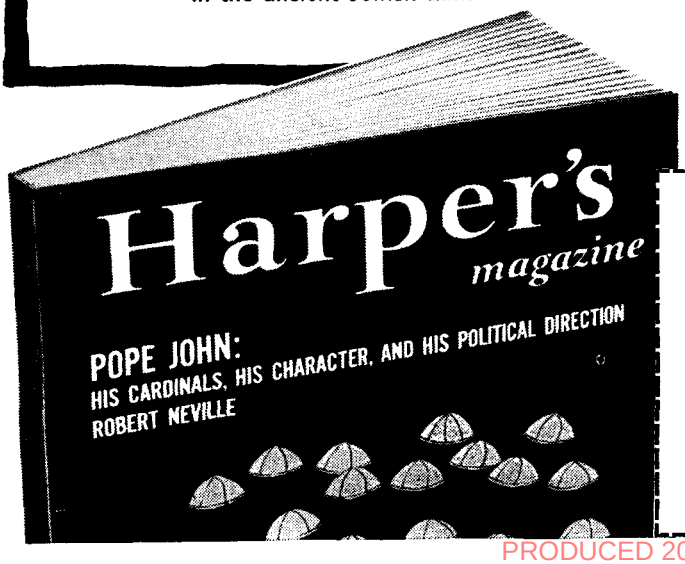

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Art Is Good for You

ALFRED KAZIN

SIGHT AND INSIGHT, by Alexander Eliot. *McDowell, Obolensky. $3.50.*

So far as I can tell, there is nobody in the great enlightened American middle class just now who is not an art lover. Truck drivers may sneer at art and old laundrywomen may be too tired even on Sundays to paint; but if you have enough money and enough leisure, it is safe to say that you would dare any heresy in America now except indifference to art. Art is the paradise of "fulfillment" and "creativity" that democracy grants each of its sons and daughters. Especially its daughters, for the confidence that an American woman has in her choice of clothes and her ability to furnish a room invariably extends to the confidence that she can paint. And why not, when the cultural humility of the hayseed American turned businessman and world traveler no longer allows him to ignore the money in painting, the cachet in painting, the splendor of museums and the tyranny of "taste"? If any wife can paint, every husband has to be artistic. These days, who can not pay homage to art when one considers (a) how "everything else" has failed and (b) that the vague daily discontent which used to be equated with the experience of mortality has now been identified as the unrest of being "artistic"?

To perform in music, you at least have to learn the language of music, and it is manifestly more difficult to write a book than to "sketch" a picture. But painting, already allied in history with churches and palaces, with the furnishing and decoration of houses and the cultural authority of museums, has now become the principal embodiment of the "artistic," of "creativity"—all the more in that painting has now broken away from representation and *seems* to be as free and easy as a thought, anybody's thought. Music will always be a language, and whatever its purity of form, a book must have a subject. But the more abstract painting becomes, the more intellectualized and assimilable the non-artist's use of it becomes, the easier it is to feel "creative" in the presence of paintings rather than in the reading of books. André Malraux has pointed out that art now seems to be embodied not in works—objects originally made for a purpose not purely "artistic"—but in moments; works have become only moments in the experience of us who behold them.

THE CULT OF ART, the widespread illusion that everyone should feel creative and "artistic," has led to a literary invasion of the art of painting and of art criticism. The more we are pressured into liking what it is inherently impossible for everyone to like, especially at the same uniform pitch of enthusiastic perception, the more we are likely to take secret refuge in literary reverie. E. M. Forster once wrote a charming essay on "Not Listening to Music," and confessed that in the concert hall he often thought of "how musical" he was. Much of what I read by art critics these days seems to me merely impressionistic, reveries on how creative the experience of art makes them feel.

A flagrant example is this book by Alexander Eliot, the art editor of *Time*. It is the most unabashedly literary self-dramatization in the presence of painting that I have read in years. Mr. Eliot explains that art is really a "city," and that all sorts of people are treating the city as if they owned it, "and they do." But some of us are still afraid of art, which is why we need a guide through "battlements" that seem to be "walls" but are really "gates." (Surely no one who cares deeply about painting is this much worried that *everybody* should love painting.) Mr. Eliot, in order to sanction his own literary emotions, is careful to explain away the philistine specialist, the coldly destructive critic, and to establish what he calls the "personal" point of view:

". . . The only way to begin to understand art is to accept it whole-

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heartedly on one's own, and then to enjoy it. The Spanish peasant drinking from a wineskin . . . never sips; he lets the wine spurt right down his gullet. Only afterwards will he reflect on its satisfying taste, the warm feeling in his belly and the new beauty of things round about. That is the way to enjoy art. Let questions of taste and scholarship . . . come later."

So much depends on the "personal" interpreter:

"Perhaps the path of free enjoyment and personal interpretation can help lead men back to the city. At least it demonstrates that art belongs to them. To all who have eyes, art offers a flashing multitude of insights. Some of these insights the interpreter shapes into words and offers over again. He does not work dogmatically but as a friend in conversation, exactly as if he were describing people or landscapes that had inspired him."

But Mr. Eliot's own conversation is confusing. The book consists of very short orphic chapters—"The Children of Light," "What Do Artists See?," "The Birth of the Invisible," "Mirrors of Death and Life," "How to Just Imagine," etc., which have no visible connection with each other; free-association phrases that sound as if they had

come out of a notebook alternate with random reflections that sometimes, not very often, express shrewd remarks about differences of style. And Mr. Eliot's own style is marked chiefly by the lack of any sustained argument. He writes about paintings by Caravaggio: "A black clamor threads the stillness of these canvases, as comets thread the cold of outer space." He says that "at his easel Monet was a frenzied athlete holding back the dusk. He begged mankind to witness a beauty on the edge of being lost. Not that he lacked faith in the morning: he knew the sun would arise again—and set again—but not for every man, not forever for any man, not very long for anyone." Does this say anything about pictures? Mr. Eliot's cult of the artist follows logically from his relative unconcern with the work itself, and at one point he even claims that great artists don't feel death as the tragedy that other human beings do:

"To pretend that artists of Titian's size are doomed to the same disappointments and eventual uselessness as other men is to deny the saving grace of art itself. The great creators are not momentary, white-capped waves, however towering upon the seas of history, but sailors, admirals indeed, masters of their voyages. They sail upon history, including the history of thought and style, as upon the ocean sea."

In short, anybody who is lucky enough to be a great artist has, it turns out, an easier time of it than other people. "Artists come into the world not to fill their own bellies but to bring new nourishment to mankind." I wonder, however, if even artists know why "artists come into the world." Admittedly, good artists are people who have the ability to create works of art that are more coherent and lasting than they themselves are; but despite the pleasure we take in these works or the quickening of our lives through them, we do not actually know much about artists and cannot actually learn anything from their lives about art itself. In the despair of politics and the inadequacy of romantic love as the solution to every personal problem, we have put the whole burden of our salvation on art. But we press art too hard, we are too greedy for it to perform miracles in our personal lives, and it is for this reason that it is now possible to despise people who do not seem to love art as much as "we" do: they threaten the theoretical foundations of our happiness. Actually, if there were more intimate experience of art and less self-conscious use of art, we might see that none of us can fully explain the effect of art, or correct it when it is unsatisfactory, or keep it up as an ecstatic experience all the time. If we in this country had an honest sense of the limits of art, we would have a more grateful sense of its power.

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Photograph by Tom Hollyman

Pablo Casals dedicates his third San Juan Music Festival to Puerto Rico's "Operation Serenity"

SAN JUAN'S third Festival Casals begins on May 1st. Pablo Casals will play. And he will also conduct.

Music-lovers will rejoice at this news. But Don Pablo hopes that this year's Festival will have a significance beyond his own beloved world of music. He is dedicating the event to Puerto Rico's *Operation Serenity*.

The purpose of *Operation Serenity* has been clearly stated by the Governor of Puerto Rico himself.

"Serenity is the ultimate aim of our self-help program *Operation Bootstrap*," says Governor Muñoz. "We want every Puerto Rican to know that rising prosperity is not an end in itself. It is the servant of a *spiritual* purpose. You can see the signs already. After little more than ten years as a Commonwealth, a new creative upsurge is being felt in Puerto Rico. Our people are no longer despondent. They are proud."

Our photograph shows Pablo Casals taking his early morning stroll on a San Juan beach, where he goes to find his own serenity. Shortly before his eightieth birthday, this man of gentle manner and fierce principle was asked to give the world a message.

"My message is always the same," he said. "My wish is for happiness. And for people to have courage. And for people to manifest this courage in their love of liberty."

In the serene island of Puerto Rico, Pablo Casals is now watching his wishes come true.

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For information and tickets, write Festival Casals Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19– or Mayfair Travel Service, 119 West 57 St., New York 19. You can also book through your own local travel agent.

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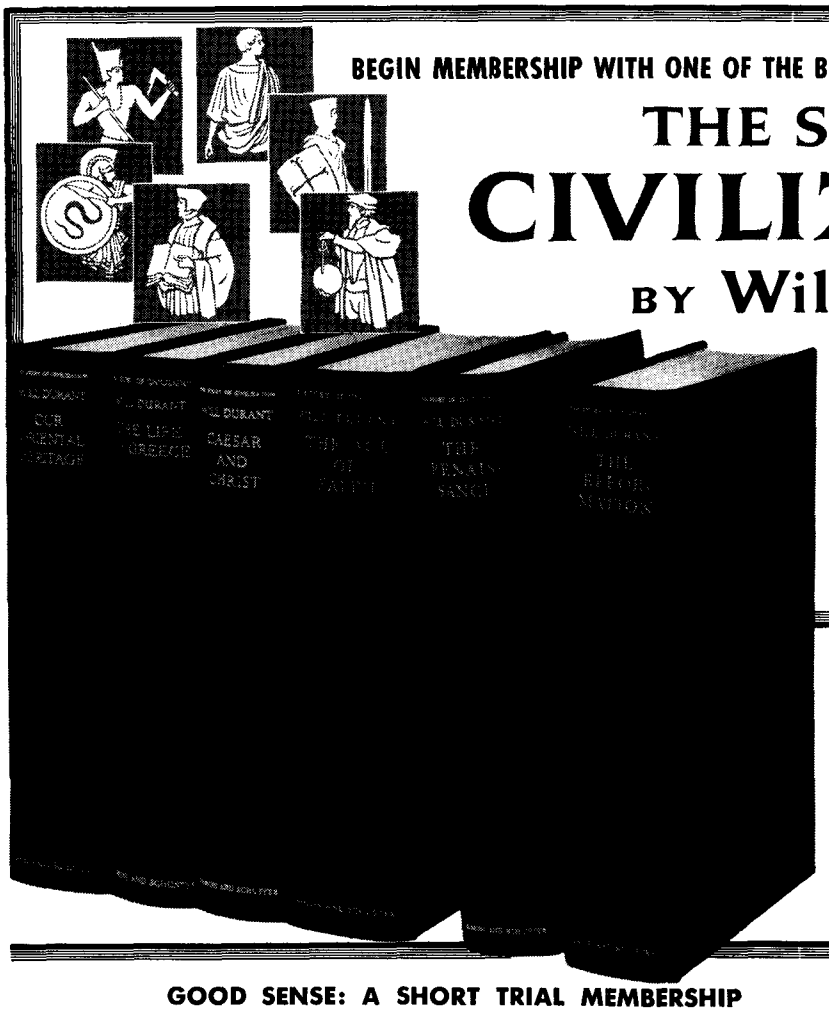

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